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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTIETH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES. T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, T. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

YOUNG.

VOLUME I.

A

POEM

ON

THE LAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

"Venit ſumma dies." VIRG.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

NOW let the Atheiſt tremble; Thou alone
Can bid his conſcious heart the Godhead own.
Whom ſhalt thou not reform? O thou haſt ſeen,
How God deſcends to judge the ſouls of men.
Thou heard'ſt the ſentence how the guilty mourn,
Driven out from God, and never muſt return.

Yet more, behold ten thouſand thunders fall,
And ſudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When nature ſunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou ſaw'ſt the boundleſs ruins of the world.

When guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
And ſulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The patriarch thus, the fiery tempeſt paſt,
With pious horror view'd the deſart waſte;
The reſtleſs ſmoke ſtill wav'd its curls around,
For ever riſing from the glowing ground.

But tell me, oh! what heavenly pleaſure tell,
To think ſo greatly, and deſcribe ſo well!
How waſt thou pleas'd the wondrous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could riſe ſo high?
Beyond this world the labour to purſue,
And open all ETERNITY to view?

But thou art beſt delighted to rehearſe
Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verſe:
O thou haſt power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raiſe, to terrify, to charm;

TO A LADY, WITH THE L/

MADAM,

HERE, ſacred truths, in lofty numb
The proſpect of a future ſtate unfo
The realms of night to mortal view diſ
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author ſcorns, by vulgar w
Of guilty wit, to merit worthleſs praiſe
Full of her glorious theme, his towerin
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame pur
Religion's cauſe her raviſh'd heart inſpi
And with a thouſand bright ideas fires
Tranſports her quick, impatient, pierc
O'er the ſtrait limits of mortality,
To boundleſs orbs, and bids her fearl
Milton main'd renown bel

But now, forgetful of their infant ſtate,
They ſooth the wanton pleaſures of the great:
And from the preſs, and the licentious ſtage,
With luſcious poiſon taint the thoughtleſs age;
Deceitful charms attract our wondering eyes,
And ſpecious ruin unſuſpected lies.
So the rich ſoil of India's blooming ſhores,
Adorn'd with laviſh nature's choiceſt ſtores,
Where ſerpents lurk, by flowers conceal'd from ſight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.
Theſe purer thoughts from groſs alloys refin'd,
With heavenly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raiſe a giddy ſhort-liv'd joy,
Whoſe falſe allurements, while they pleaſe, deſtroy;
But bliſs reſembling that of Saints above,
Sprung from the viſion of th' Almighty Love:
Firm, ſolid bliſs, for ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing ſweetneſs, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your ſparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten every grace.
By theſe ſecur'd, you will with pleaſure read
" Of future judgment, and the riſing dead;
" Of time's grand period, heaven and earth o'erthrown;
" And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan."
Theſe, when the ſtars and ſun ſhall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form reſtore:
Then ſhall you ſhine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this ſpacious glorious round ?
Yon lamps of light, muſt they decay ?
On nature's ſelf, deſtruction prey ?
Then fame, the moſt immortal thing
Ev'n thou canſt hope, is on the wing.
Shall Newton's Syſtem be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd ?
Shall ſouls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more ?
Or ſhall they quote the pictur'd age,
From Pope's and Thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue loſe their name
In deathleſs joy, or endleſs ſhame ?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius ſhall be ſeen :
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For Homer, Horace, Pope, or Thee ?
Through life ...

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK I.

" Ipſe pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruſca
" Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
" Terra tremit: fugêre feræ! et mortalia corda
" Per gentes humilis ſtravit pavor." VIRG.

WHILE others ſing the fortune of the Great;
Empire and Arms, and all the pomp of State;
With Britain's Hero* ſet their ſouls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inſpire;
I draw a deeper ſcene: a ſcene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heaven o'erthrown,
And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan;
Death's antient ſceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold deſign,
And aſk my anxious heart, if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the ſight of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the ſplendors of the Britiſh crown.

* The Duke of Marlborough.

but chiefly Thou, great Ruler! Lor
Before whoſe throne Arch-angels proſtr
f at thy nod, from diſcord, and from
ſprang beauty, and yon ſparkling worl
xalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell
he clouds and darkneſs of my mind diſ
o my great ſubject Thou my breaſt inſp
nd raiſe my labouring ſoul with equal
Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every
God s great offspring, beauteous natu
e ſpring's gay bloom; ſee golden autun
how earth ſmiles, and hear old ocean
viathans but heave their cumberous ma
makes a tide, and wind-bound navies
re, foreſts riſe, the mountain's awful p
e, rivers meaſure climes, and worlds
ere, vallies fraught with gold's reſplen
d kings, and kingdoms fortunes, in t
re, to the ſkies aſpiring hill

ıe firmament thy wonder raiſe;
hy wonder, but tranſcend thy praiſe.
ı eaſt to weſt? The labouring eye
e diſtant azure bounds deſcry:
! where tempeſts play at large,
ght-hand can all its wrath diſcharge.
oſe radiant lamps inflame the pole,
ſeaſons, and the year controul:
rough time, with an unalter'd ray:
ıd period riſe, and That decay:
world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
pomp, the throng'd ethereal ſpace;
h ſuch a wealth of glory ſtor'd,
heathens not to have ador'd.
how firm, how ſacred all appears!
m immortal round of years!
lrop, as autumn's ſickleſt grain,
ł firmament be ſought in vain:
ot where conſtellations ſhone,
Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
ſlain, all Nature be deſtroy'd,
tom in the mighty void.
later, in ſome future date,
:cret in the book of fate!)
r aught all human wiſdom knows,
houſand harveſts more have roſe;
ue chang'd on this revolving earth,
ıll, and give new empires birth;
lourbons rule in other lands,
s ſin forbids not) other Annes;

While

... of the nation, hear, an
Thick clouds of darkneſs ſhall ari
In ſudden night all earth's domini
Impetuous winds the ſcatter'd fore
Eternal mountains, like their cedar
The valleys yawn, the troubled oc
And break the bondage of his wom
A ſanguine ſtain the ſilver moon o'e
Darkneſs the circle of the ſun invad
From inmoſt heaven inceſſant thunde
And the ſtrong echo bound from pol

When, lo, a mighty trump, one h
In clouds, one half to mortal eye re
Shall pour a dreadful note; the pierc
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation ſhal
The living die with fear, the dead a

Oh powerful blaſt! to which no e
Did e'er the frighted ...

rms, and ſlackneſs of the mind,
for the ſafety of mankind:
inely good: through care and pain,
arts, the ſteep aſcent we gain.
cene of combat, not of reſt,
orious happineſs at beſt;
leath his dangers never ceaſe,
joys of conqueſt, not of peace.
bſequious to the will of fate,
; to the terms of human ſtate,
joys invite us to their arms,
/ ſmiles, or grandeur ſpreads her charms,
is ſoul would *this* great ſcene diſplay,
' immortal hoſts in dread array,
ſound, the Chriſtian banner ſpread,
m ſilent graves the trembling dead;
preſſion would the picture make,
earth her firm reſolve could ſhake;
1 angels ſhe would greatly ſtand,
gardleſs down on ſea and land;
worlds her ardour could reſtrain,
night ſhake his threatening lance in vain!
onqueſt would endear the fight,
ſerve but to exalt delight.
thus to ſhun the fatal ſpring,
's the terrors of that *day* I ſing;
we our labours may purſue,
dreadful image ſet to view.
ling eye, the ſleek and painted breaſt,
d ſcale, curl'd train, and riſing creſt,

All

Say then, my Muſe, whom di
Frequent at tombs, and in the re
Say, melancholy maid, if bold t
The laſt extremes of terror and c
Oh ſay, what change on earth, v
This blackeſt moment ſince the w

Ah mournful turn! the bliſsfu
At leiſure on her axle roll'd in ſt
While thouſand golden planets k
Still onward in their circling jour
A grateful change of ſeaſons ſom
And ſweet viciſſitude of fall and
Some through vaſt oceans to cond
And ſome thoſe watery worlds to
Around her ſome their ſplendors t
And gild her globe with tributary
This world ſo great, of joy the bi
Heaven's darling child, and favou
Now looks an exile from [illegible]

niverſal ruin ſpreads abroad;
ıg is ſafe beneath the throne of God.
ı, earth, thy fate: what then canſt thou afford
nfort and ſupport thy guilty lord?
haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
nuſt he bend his ſoul's ambition down?
.te, the reptile own, and diſavow
aſted ſtature, and aſſuming brow?
kindred with the clay, and curſe his form,
peaks diſtinction from his ſiſter worm?
dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade!
why doſt thou forſake, whom thou haſt made?
:an ſuſtain thy anger? Who can ſtand
h the terrors of thy lifted hand?
the reach of thought; oh ſave me, Power
wers ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
rho beneath the frown of fate haſt ſtood,
ı thy dreadful agony ſweat blood;
who for me, through every throbbing vein,
lt the keeneſt edge of mortal pain;
ı death led captive through the realms below,
ıught thoſe horrid myſteries of woe;
l me, O my God! Oh ſave me, Power
wers ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
n eaſt to weſt they fly, from pole to line,
ing ſhelter from the wrath divine;
mes to wrap, or whelming ſeas to ſweep,
:s to yawn, compaſſionately deep:
ſt the monſter forth to meet his doom,
ıcks but priſon up for wrath to come.

So

Stands in the channel, and locks
The port he ſeeks, obedient to her
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted ſ

But why this idle toil to paint t
This time elaborately thrown aw
Words all in vain pant after the
The height of eloquence would r
Heavens! how the *good* man tren
And is there a Laſt Day? and
A ſure, a fix'd, inexorable doon
Ambition ſwell, and, thy proud
Take all the winds that Vanity
Wealth on a golden mountain b
And reach an India forth in eit
Spread all thy purple cluſters, t
And thou, more dreaded foe, b
Shine all; in all your charms tc
That all, in all your charms, I
While I mount upward on a ſtr

uals *this?* And ſhall the victor now
proud laurels on his loaded brow?
! Oh thou cherub, heavenly bright!
inmix'd, and fathomleſs delight!
'hou art all; nor find I in the whole
aught, but God and my own ſoul.
:r then, my ſoul, thy God adore,
he brute creation praiſe him more.
igs inanimate my conduct blame,
i my conſcious cheek with ſpreading ſhame?
for him purſue, or quit, their end;
inting flames their burning power ſuſpend;
ieaps th' unfrozen billows ſtand,
ind ſilence aw'd by his command:
: dire monſters that infeſt the flood,
e dreadful, and athirſt for blood,
can calm, their ſavage tempers bind,
n to mild protectors of mankind.
the prophet this great truth maintain
:ep chambers of the gloomy main;
arkneſs round him all her horrors ſpread,
loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?
now the thunder roars, the lightening flies,
the warring winds tumultuous riſe;
ow the foaming ſurges, toſt on high,
the ſands beneath, and touch the ſky;
eath draws near, the mariners aghaſt
ck with terror on their actions paſt;
)urage ſickens into deep diſmay,
:arts, through fear and anguiſh, melt away;

Nor

-- gems nor gold the hoj
The trembling prophet t
They headlong plunge into
Down he deſcends, and, b
The billows cloſe; he 's nu
(Hear, O ye juſt! attend, y
And the bright paths of piet
Lo! the great Ruler of the v
Looks ſmiling down with a j
Covers his ſervant with his g
And bids tempeſtuous nature
Commands the peaceful water
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft e
He bridles-in the monſters of
The bridled monſters awful di
Forget their hunger, while the
And guiltleſs gaze, and round
But ſtill ariſe new wonders;
Sends forth into the d--

As yawns an earthquake, when impriſon'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous ſize;
The prophet views the cavern with ſurprize;
Meaſures his monſtrous teeth, afar deſcry'd,
And rolls his wondering eyes from ſide to ſide:
Then takes poſſeſſion of the ſpacious ſeat,
And ſails ſecure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear;
Or falls immers'd into the depths below;
Where the dead ſilent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the ſhelving mountain's dreadful ſhade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides ſerenely through the paths of death.

Two wondrous days and nights through coral groves,
Through labyrinths of rocks and ſands, he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It ſees the king of waters riſe, and pour
His ſacred gueſt un-injur'd on the ſhore:
A type of that great bleſſing, which the Muſe
In her next labour ardently purſues.

——— Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν
Ἀείφαν ἀποιχομένων· ὀπίσω δ

"——We hope, that th
" from the duſt: afi
" they will be immo

NOW Man awakes, and
Where he has ſlept for a
Shakes off the ſlumber of ten t
And on the borders of new wo
Whate'er the bold, the raſh, ad
In wide Eternity I dare be loſt.
The Muſe is wont in narrow bo
To *teach the ſwain*, or *celebrate*
I graſp the whole, no more to pa
I lift my voice, and ſing to *huma*
I ſing to men and angels; angels
While ſuch the theme

:h and lengthen out th' unbounded ſpace,
id an area for all human race.
ionuments prove faithful to their truſt,
.er back their long-committed duſt.
nels rattle; ſcatter'd limbs, and all
ius bones, obſequious to the call,
d, advance; the neck perhaps to meet
nt head; the diſtant legs the feet.
to view, ſee through the duſky ſky
s of bodies in confuſion fly,
t regions journeying, there to claim
nembers and compleat the frame.
:he world bow'd to Rome's almighty ſword,
v'd to Pompey, and confeſs'd her lord.
ay loſt, this deity below
ie ſcorn and pity of his foe.
a traitor's ſacrifice was made,
:'d indignant on a ruffian's blade.
et's ſound, no gaſping army's yell,
due horror, his great ſoul farewell.
is fall! all weltering in his gore,
was caſt to periſh on the ſhore!
ius frown'd the bloody monſter dead,
ight the world in his great rival's head.
'd head and trunk ſhall join once more,
ealms now riſe between, and oceans roar.
pet's ſound each fragrant mote ſhall hear,
i earth, or if afloat in air,
ignal wafted in the wind,
ine ſleeping atom lag behind.

[illegible] been in
Or midſt the burning planet
Or hover'd o'er where her p
Or rather coaſted on her fin
And fear'd, or wiſh'd for, h
This ſoul, returning with a
Now weds for ever her immo
Life, which ran down before
The ſprings maintain an eve

Thus a frail model of the
Firſt takes a copy of the buil
Before the ſtructure firm with
And marble bowels of the ſol
Turns the ſtrong arch, and bi
And bear the lofty palace to t
The wrongs of time enabled
With bars of adamant, and r

That antient, ſacred, and i
Where ſoon or late fair Albio

Now populous o'erflows: a numerous race
Of riſing kings fill all th' extended ſpace:
A life well ſpent, not the victorious ſword,
Awards the crown, and ſtiles the greater lord.
Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his ſecond birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp ariſe,
And gilded theatres invade the ſkies,
Nations ſhall wake, whoſe unreſpected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious ſons.
The moſt magnificent and coſtly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No ſpot on earth, but has ſupply'd a grave,
And human ſkulls the ſpacious ocean pave.
All 's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,
The ſwarm ſhall iſſue, and the hive ſhall burn.
Not all at once, nor in like manner, riſe:
Some lift with pain their ſlow unwilling eyes:
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bleſs the grave, and call for laſting night.
Others, whoſe long-attempted virtue ſtood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the ruſhing flood,
Whoſe firm reſolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their poſture frown;
Such, in this day of horrors, ſhall be ſeen
To face the thunders with a god-like mien;
The planets drop, their thoughts are fixt above;
The centre ſhakes, their hearts diſdain to move:
An earth diſſolving, and a heaven thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on every ſide,

...ians, and Jews, an
A blended throng, one
Some who, perhaps, by
With zeal for their diſtin
In mutual friendſhip thei
And hand in hand their
But none are fluſh'd wi
With juſter confidence, e
Than thoſe, whoſe pious
Have made them public fa
In that illuſtrious rank, w
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd glo
Bend down, my grateful M
Which to ſuch worthies the
Wickham! Fox! Chichley!
Who to far diſtant times di
Beneath your ſhades, and n
I firſt preſum'd to touch the
All hail, thrice honour'd

Indulgent God! Oh how ſhall mortal raiſe
His ſoul to due returns of grateful praiſe,
For bounty ſo profuſe to human kind,
Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who, ſome few years ago, was leſs
Than worm, or mite, or ſhadow can expreſs,
Was Nothing; ſhall I live, when every fire
And every ſtar ſhall languiſh and expire?
When earth's no more, ſhall I ſurvive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I ſtand,
See new worlds rolling from His ſpacious hand,
Where our adventures ſhall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael ſung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of *Love divine!*
But oh! before this bliſsful ſtate, before
Th' aſpiring ſoul this wondrous height can ſoar,
The Judge, deſcending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is ſummon'd to the Bar.
This mighty ſcene I next preſume to draw:
Attend, great Anna, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known ſucceſsful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts:
Fiction, be far away; let no machine
Deſcending here, no fabled God, be ſeen;
Behold the God of *Gods* indeed deſcend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!
Lo! the wide theatre, whoſe ample ſpace
Muſt entertain the whole of human race,

Adam ſalutes his youngeſt
Of all thoſe ages, which t
How empty learning, ar
But as it mends the life, a
What volumes have been fw
To fix a hero's birth-day,
What joy muſt it now yield
To ſee the glorious race of a
To greet thoſe worthies, wh
Illuſtrious on record before t
Alas! a nearer care your ſou
Cæſar un-noted in your preſe
How vaſt the concourſe! n
The waves that break on the
The leaves that tremble in the
The lamps that gild the ſpang
Thoſe overwhelming armies, w

Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's hoſt,
They All are here, and here they All are loſt:
Their millions ſwell to be diſcern'd in vain,
Loſt as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
"For judgment, judgment, ſons of men prepare!"
Earth ſhakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
And hell through all her trembling realms reſound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greateſt power of earth,
Bleſt with moſt equal planets at thy birth;
Whoſe valour drew the moſt ſucceſsful ſword,
Moſt realms united in one common lord;
Who, on the day of triumph, ſaidſt, Be thine
The ſkies, Jehovah, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my Muſe,
How art thou loſt! what numbers canſt thou chuſe?

A ſudden bluſh inflames the waving ſky,
And now the crimſon curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heaven's great Sovereign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works ſurvey,
Creates, ſupports, confounds! Where *time*, and *place*,
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
Wait humbly at the footſtool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence

Virtue, dominion, praiſe, o
Support the train of their
A zone, beyond the thoug
Around him, like the zodi
Night ſhades the ſolemn arc
And in his cheek the purpl
Where-e'er ſerene he turns
Or we expect, or find, a pa
But if reſentment reddens t
The Eden kindles, and the
On one hand, Knowlege ſhi
On one, the ſword of Juſtice,
Now bend the knee in ſport,
Now tell the ſcourg'd Impoſt

Thus glorious through the
Of life and death eternal ben
Loud thunders round him roll
Th' angelic hoſt is rang'd in
Some

O! whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn
And indigence of *him* in Bethlem born;
A needleſs, helpleſs, unaccounted, gueſt,
And but a ſecond to the fodder'd beaſt?
How chang'd from *him*, who meekly proſtrate laid,
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made?
From *him* who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languiſh'd, pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd, and dy'd;
Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe,
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?
And was 't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vaniſh'd—I am wholly thine.
Miſtaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blaſphem'd;
Thou, or thy Priſoner? which ſhall be condemn'd?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wondrous all! Ev'n He
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for Thee.
Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raiſe
Diſtinct with orient veins and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows ſound.
Theſe an immeaſurable arch ſupport,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.

Sheets

... the grandeur of h
Stars on his robes in beaute
And the ſun burns beneath
Now an archangel eminen
From off his ſilver ſtaff of v
Unfurls the Chriſtian flag, v
And ſhuts and opens more th
The Croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it
Where-e'er it floats, on earth
Fluſhes the hill, and ſets on f
And turns the deep-dy'd ocear
Oh formidable GLORY! dr
Refulgent torture to the guilty
Ah turn, unwary Muſe, nor d
What horrid thoughts with the
Say not, (to make the *Sun* ſhrin
Dare not affirm, they wiſh it all
Wiſh, or their ſouls may with th
Or GOD be ſpoil'd of

Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I caſt my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the ſkies ſurround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.
" O Thou! whoſe balance does the mountains weigh,
" Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey,
" Whoſe breath can turn thoſe watery worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt tame;
" Earth's meaneſt ſon, all trembling, proſtrate falls,
" And on the boundleſs of thy goodneſs calls.
" Oh! give the winds all paſt offence to ſweep,
" To ſcatter wide, or bury in the deep:
" Thy power, my weakneſs, may I ever ſee,
" And wholly dedicate my ſoul to Thee:
" Reign o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know!
" If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
" And ſin the graceful indignation raiſe.
" My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
" And lift the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.
" Oh may my underſtanding ever read
" This glorious volume, which Thy wiſdom made!
" Who decks the maiden Spring with flowery pride?
" Who calls forth Summer, like a ſparkling bride?
" Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
" And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
" Not the Great Ottoman, or Greater Czar,
" Not Europe's arbitreſs of peace and war.
" May ſea and land, and earth and heaven be join'd,
" To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!

" When

" Shine we in arms? or ſing
" Thine is the vintage, and
" Thy pleaſure points the ſh
" The cluſter blaſts, or bids
" 'Tis thou that lead'ſt our p
" And giv'ſt Great Anne Th
" Grant I may ever, at the
" Open with Prayer the conſe
" Tune Thy great praiſe, and
" And with the mounting ſun
" As that advances, let my ze
" And glow with ardour of co
" Nor ceaſe at eve, but with th
" My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſ
" And, oh! permit the gloom
" To ſacred thought may forcibl
" When this world 's ſhut, and
" Call on our minds, and

His court admire, or for his favour ſue,
Or leagues of friendſhip with His ſaints renew;
Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the world aſleep,
While I long vigils to its Founder keep!
" Canſt Thou not ſhake the centre? Oh controul,
Subdue by force, the rebel in my ſoul:
Thou, who canſt ſtill the raging of the flood,
Reſtrain the various tumults of my blood;
Teach me, with equal firmneſs, to ſuſtain
Alluring pleaſure, and aſſaulting pain.
O may I pant for Thee in in each deſire!
And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire!
Stretch out my ſoul in hope, and graſp the prize,
Which in Eternity's deep boſom lies!
At the Great Day of recompence behold,
Devoid of fear, the *fatal Book* unfold!
Then wafted upward to the bliſsful ſeat,
From age to age, my grateful ſong repeat;
My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour ſee,
And rival angels in the praiſe of Thee."

THE

" Eſſe quoque in fatis rem
" Quo mare, quo tellus,
" Ardeat; & mundi mole

THE book unfolding;
Of ſaints and angels;
Of guilty ſouls; the gloon
And all the horrors of the
I next preſume to ſing: W
Demands my laſt, but moſt
And let the Muſe or now a
Or in inglorious ſhades for
She kindles, ſhe's inflam'd
She mounts, ſhe gains upon
The world grows leſs as ſhe
And the ſun darkens to her
Heaven opening, all its ſacr

: ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the blaſt,
dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her laſt.
ıor angel, moves; the Judge on high
ıd, and with his glory fills the ſky:
ıe fatal book his hand he lays,
h to view ſupporting ſeraphs raiſe;
form the rituals are prepar'd,
broken, and a groan is heard.
my ſoul, (oh fall to ſudden prayer,
e thought ſink deep!) ſhalt thou be there?
ıe left (for by the great command
ş divided falls on either hand;)
, how pale, how haggard, how obſcene,
e than death in every face and mien?
: diſtreſs, and glarings of affright,
c the heart, and turn away the ſight?
orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
ıe horrid ſecrets of the ſoul.
re mourns, each look is black with care,
groan is loaden with deſpair.
guilty, ſpare the Muſe, and find
age pictur'd in thy mind.
thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
e ſoft companions of thy life,
nded intereſts level'd at one aim,
c'd deſires ſent up one common flame,
r; thy wretched Self alone
: left, of all whom thou haſt known;
d it wound? What millions wouldſt thou give
ore trial, One more day to live?

Mark, on the right, ho
Their Maker's image fres
What purple bloom my ra
And their eyes ſparkling v
Triumphant beauty! char
This world, and in bleſt a
To the Great Judge with l
And dare behold th' Almig
Its flaſh ſuſtain, againſt its
And on the dread tribunal
Are theſe the forms that m
Oh the tranſcendent glory c
Yet ſtill ſome thin remains
Th' infected brightneſs of t
Thus the chaſte bridegro
nigh,
Beholds his bleſſing with a t
Feels doubtful paſſions throl
And in his cheeks are min-

Since Adam's family, from firſt to laſt,
Now into one diſtinct ſurvey is caſt;
Look round, vain-glorious Muſe, and you whoe'er
Devote yourſelves to fame, and think her fair;
Look round, and ſeek the lights of human race,
Whoſe ſhining acts Time's brighteſt annals grace;
Who founded ſects; crowns conquer'd, or reſign'd;
Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vaſt fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madneſs of the roaring main:
All loſt? all undiſtinguiſh'd? no-where found?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace ſound?

That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continued, alter'd, threaten'd, or deſtroy'd;
Southern or eaſtern ſceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or weſt dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himſelf was ſpilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd—

Aloft, the ſeats of bliſs their pomp diſplay
Brighter than brightneſs, this diſtinguiſh'd day;
Leſs glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won:
Through heaven's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
And ſhouting angels hail'd the Victor God.

The ſons of light ſcarce unappa
And nearer preſs heaven's everl
Such is the ſcene; and one ſh
Concludes the hopes and fears
Proceed who dares!—I tremble
The whole creation ſwims befo
I ſee, I ſee, the Judge's frowni
Say not, 'tis diſtant; I behold
I faint, my tardy blood forgets
My ſoul recoils at the ſtupendo
That woe, thoſe pangs, which
In theſe, or words like theſe, ſ
" Who burſt the barriers of
" Ah! cruel death, that would
" But grudg'd me e'en that na
" And caſt me out into the wr
" Where ſhrieks, the roaring fl
" And all the dreadful eloquer

" And ſhall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
" Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
" Oh! muſt I look with terror on my gain,
" And with *exiſtence* only meaſure *pain?*
" What! no reprieve, no leaſt indulgence given,
" No beam of hope, from any point of heaven!
" Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
" Is Love extinguiſh'd in the Source of Love?
" Bold that I am, did heaven ſtoop down to hell?
" Th' expiring Lord of life my ranſom ſeal?
" Have I not been induſtrious to provoke?
" From his embraces obſtinately broke?
" Purſued, and panted for his mortal hate,
" Earn'd my deſtruction, labour'd out my fate?
" And dare I on extinguiſh'd Love exclaim?
" Take, take full vengeance, rouze the ſlackening flame;
" Juſt is my lot—but oh! muſt it tranſcend
" The reach of time, deſpair a diſtant end?
" With dreadful growth ſhoot forward, and ariſe,
" Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies!
" *NEVER!* where falls the ſoul at that dread ſound?
" Down an abyſs how dark, and how profound?
" Down, down, (I ſtill am falling, horrid pain!)
" Ten thouſand thouſand fathoms ſtill remain;
" My plunge but ſtill begun—And this for ſin?
" Could I offend, if I had never been,
" But ſtill increas'd the ſenſeleſs happy maſs,
" Flow'd in the ſtream, or ſhiver'd in the graſs?
" Father of mercies! why from ſilent earth
" Didſt thou awake, and curſe me into birth,

... earth, and
" Pain is for man; and oh!
" For crimes, which made the
" Annull'd his groans, as fa
" And flung his agonies, and
" As our dire puniſhment for
" Our conſtitution too for eve
" Curs'd with returns of vigo
" Powerful to bear, and ſatisfy
" Still to be caught, and ſtill t
" To periſh ſtill, and ſtill to be
" And this, *My Help! My G*
" Nature is chang'd, and *hell* ſh
" And canſt Thou then look do
" And ſee me plunging in the d
" Calling Thee Father, in a ſea
" Or pouring blaſphemies at Th
" With mortals anguiſh wilt T
" And by my pangs omni-

" Forget me quite, nor ſtoop a worm to blame;
" But loſe me in the greatneſs of Thy name.
" Thou art all Love, all Mercy, all Divine,
" And ſhall I make thoſe glories ceaſe to ſhine?
" Shall ſinful man grow great by his offence,
" And from its courſe turn back Omnipotence?
" Forbid it! and oh! grant, Great *God*, at leaſt
" This one, this ſlender, almoſt *no* requeſt;
" When I have wept a thouſand lives away,
" When torment is grown weary of its prey,
" When I have rav'd ten thouſand years in fire,
" Ten thouſand thouſand, let me then expire."
Deep anguiſh! but too late; the hopeleſs ſoul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blaſpheming, owns
He 's juſtly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, ſtruggling with his chain:
To talk to fiery tempeſts; to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er;
To toſs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.
The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move,
To take poſſeſſion of their thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd deſertion to ſupply,
And fill the vacant ſtations of the ſky;
Again to kindle long-extinguiſh'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze;

But I attempt the wondr
And leave unfiniſh'd the toc
What boldly I begin, let otl
My ſtrength exhauſted, faint
And chuſe a leſs, but no ign
Diſſolving elements, and wor
The fatal period, the great
And nature ſhrinks at her app
Loud peals of thunder give th
Heaven's terrors in array ſurro
Sharp lightnings with the mete
And, darted downward, ſet the
Black riſing clouds the thicken
And ſpiry flames dart through
With keen vibrations cut the ſt
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky wi
From heaven's four regions, w
Angels drive on the wind's imp
T' enrage the flame: It ſpread
Swell

There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal hills,
The neighbouring vales the vaſt deſtruction fills.
Hear'ſt thou that dreadful crack? that ſound which broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre ſhook?
What wonders muſt that groan of nature tell!
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell;
Which ſeem'd above the reach of fate to ſtand,
A towering monument of God's right hand;
Now duſt and ſmoke, whoſe brow, ſo lately, ſpread
O'er ſhelter'd countries its diffuſive ſhade.
Shew me that celebrated ſpot, where all
The various rulers of the ſever'd ball
Have humbly ſought wealth, honour, and redreſs,
That land which heaven ſeem'd diligent to bleſs,
Once call'd Britannia: Can her glories end?
And can't ſurrounding ſeas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold ſurrounding ſeas!
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel, ſay where ran proud Aſia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where ſtretch'd waſte Libya? Where did India's ſtore
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each loſt in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all diſſolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.
And now whate'er or ſwims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of ſea, or earth, or ſkies;
All on whom Adam's wiſdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and periſh in the conquering flame.

This

... once so proudly bl
So bubbles on the foamin
So ſparks that ſcatter from
The devaſtations of One d
The Great Creator's Six da
A mighty, mighty ruin! y
Has more to boaſt, and far
Exalted in ſuperior excellenc
Caſts down to nothing, ſuch
Have you not ſeen th' eternal
An earth diſſolving, a deſcen
What ſtrange ſurprizes throu
For whom theſe revolutions,
For him, Omnipotence new n
For him, through all eternity
Pours on him gifts ſufficient t
Heaven's loſs, and with freſh
Think deeply then, O Man
Pay thyſelf

rfect knowledge, ſee, the dawning light
els a noon moſt exquiſitely bright!
ſprings of endleſs joy are breaking forth!
, buds the promiſe of celeſtial worth!
h, which muſt ripen in a happier clime,
brighter *Sun*, beyond the bounds of time.
, *Minor*, canſt not gueſs thy vaſt e[illegible]te,
ſtores, on foreign coaſts, thy landing wait;
not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod;
glad all heaven, and pleaſe that bounteous God,
to light thee to pleaſures, hung on high
adiant orb, proud regent of the ſky:
ſervice done, its beams ſhall fade away,
God ſhine forth in one *Eternal* Day.

THE

THE

FORCE OF RELIGION;

OR,

VANQUISHED LOVE.

A

POEM.

IN TWO BOOKS.

"Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus." VIRG.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION;

OR,

VANQUISHED LOVE.

BOOK I.

" ——Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,
" Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas."
VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that ſoar'd on high,
And open'd wondrous ſcenes above the ſky,
My Muſe deſcend: Indulge my fond deſire;
With ſofter thoughts my melting ſoul inſpire,
And ſmooth my numbers to a female's praiſe:
A partial world will liſten to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and ſets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious liſts of fame.
Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whoſe radiant eyes the vanquiſh'd world command,
Virtue is Beauty: But when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When *youth* makes ſuch bright objects ſtill more bright,
And *fortune* ſets them in the ſtrongeſt light;
'Tis all of heaven that we below may view,
And all, but Adoration, is your due.
Fam'd female virtue did this iſle adorn,
Ere Ormond, or her glorious Queen, was born:

When

Hurl'd from the summit of im
With equal mind sustain'd the
But how will Guilford, her
With manly reason fortify his
At once she longs, and is afrai
Now swift she moves, and now
To find her lord; and, finding
Silent with fear, nor dares she
Lest that, unask'd, in speechless
The mournful secret of his inw
Thus, after sickness, doubtful
The melancholy virgin shuns th
At length, with troubled thou
And sorrow soften'd by her heav
She clasps her lord, brave, beau
While tender accents melt upon l
Gentle, and sweet, as vernal Ze
Fanning the lily, or the bloomin

" Above, where no diſtinction ſhall be known
" 'Twixt him whom ſtorms have ſhaken from a throne,
" And him, who, baſking in the ſmiles of fate,
" Shone forth in all the ſplendor of the great:
" Nor can I find the difference here below;
" I lately was a Queen; I ſtill am ſo,
" While Guilford's Wife: Thee rather I *obey*,
" Than o'er mankind extend imperial ſway.
" When we lie down in ſome obſcure retreat,
" Incens'd Maria may her rage forget;
" And I to death my duty will improve,
" And what you miſs in empire, add in love—
" Your God-like ſoul is open'd in your look,
" And I have faintly your great meaning ſpoke.
" For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
" To find with what content we lay it down.
" Heroes may win, but 'tis a heavenly race
" Can *quit* a throne with a becoming grace."

Thus ſpoke the faireſt of her ſex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord; whoſe boding boſom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burſt, and ſhed
Severer vengeance on her guiltleſs head:
Too juſt, alas, the terrors which he felt!
For, lo! a guard!—Forgive him, if he melt—
How ſharp her pangs, when ſever'd from his ſide,
The moſt ſincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
In ſpace confin'd, the Muſe forbears to tell;
Deep was her anguiſh, but ſhe bore it well.

Which thus adorn'd, in al
A ſplendid wretch, magni
Now on the bridal-bed his
And anguiſh fed on his enj
Each recollected pleaſure n
And every tranſport ſtabb'
That happy moon, whicl
That moon which ſhone on l
Which ſaw him fold her yet
(Deny'd to princes) in his
Now ſees the tranſient bleſſi
Empire and Love! the viſio
Thus, in the Britiſh clim
Will oft the ſmiling face of
The winds with violence at
Sweep flowers and fruits, an
A ſudden winter, while the
O'ercomes the ſeaſon, and in
But whither is the

Black thoughts each morn invade the Lover's breaſt,
Each night, a ruffian locks the Queen to reſt.
Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
But Suffolk's daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is beſt diſplay'd
In deep deſertion of all human aid:
To ſuccour in extremes, is her delight,
And chear the heart, when terror ſtrikes the ſight.
We, diſbelieving our own ſenſes, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raiſe
To triumph o'er misfortunes, ſmile in grief,
And comfort thoſe who come to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.
Againſt her cares ſhe rais'd a dauntleſs mind,
And with an ardent heart, but moſt reſign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the ſilence of her dark retreat,
Addreſs'd her God—"Almighty Power Divine!
"'Tis thine to raiſe, and to depreſs, is Thine;
"With honour to light up the name unknown,
"Or to put out the luſtre of a throne.
"In my ſhort ſpan both fortunes I have prov'd,
"And though with ill frail nature will be mov'd,
"I'll bear it well: (O ſtrengthen me to bear!)
"And if my piety may claim thy care;
"If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
"And tumult of a court, a Future State;
"O favour, when thy mercy I implore
"For *one* who never guilty ſceptre bore!

... on me, I
" If *theſe* are ſafe, I'll t
" And bleſs thy tender r
'Twas now the mourn
In which the queen to he
Through rigid juſtice, ru
And drank in zeal the blo
The ſun went down in clo
The ſad neceſſity of his re
The hollow wind, and mel
Or did, or was imagin'd to
The tapers caſt an inauſpici
Stars there were none, and

Sweet innocence in chains
Soft ſlumber gently creeping
She ſinks; and in her ſleep
Mock'd by a gaudy dream,
She views her fleets and arm
And ſtretches wide her ſhad
wi...

The buſy trades in cities had began
To ſound, and ſpeak the painful life of man.
In tyrants breaſts the thoughts of vengeance rouze,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his ſpouſe.
At this firſt birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our ſpouſeleſs bride, our widow'd wife, awakes;
Awakes, and ſmiles; nor night's impoſture blames;
Her *real* pomps were little more than dreams;
A ſhort-liv'd blaze, a lightning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in birth, that ſhone, and was no more:
She turns her ſide, and ſoon reſumes a ſtate
Of mind, well ſuited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, though ſerious; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched Guilford!) of her inſtant doom.
Sun, hide thy beams; in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve; be guiltleſs of the ſight;
Or haſte more ſwiftly to the weſtern main;
Nor let her blood the conſcious day-light ſtain!
Oh! how ſevere! to fall ſo new a bride,
Yet bluſhing from the prieſt, in youthful pride;
When time had juſt matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face!
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obſtinate in grief.
Unhappy fair! whatever fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd bleſſings) vaniſh from her view;
No train of chearful days, endearing nights,
No ſweet domeſtic joys, and chaſte delights;
Pleaſures that bloſſom ev'n from doubts and fears;
And bliſs and rapture riſing out of *cares:*

Might comfort to his [illegible]
And fill her place in his indulgent h
As where fruits fall, quick-riſing bl
And the bleſt Indian of his care beg

In vain theſe various reaſons jointl
To blacken death, and heighten her
She, through th' encircling terrors,
To the bleſs'd regions of eternal lig
And fills her ſoul with peace: To v
Her *father*, and her *lord*, ſhe recom
Unmov'd herſelf: Her foes her air
And rage to ſee their malice throwı
She ſoars; now nought on earth de
But Guilford; who ſtill ſtruggles f
Still will his form importunately ri
Clog and retard her tranſport to th
As trembling flames now take a fe
Now catch the brand with a return
Thus her ſoul onward from the ſe

is! misfortunes travel in a train,
d oft in life form one perpetual chain;
ir buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
l life and ſorrow meet one common end.
ihe thinks that ſhe has nought but death to fear,
d death is conquer'd. Worſe than death is near:
r rigid trials are not yet complete;
e news arrives of her great father's fate.
: ſees his hoary head, all white with age,
victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
w great the mercy, had ſhe breath'd her laſt,
: the dire ſentence on her father paſt!
A fonder parent nature never knew;
id as his age increas'd, his fondneſs grew.
parent's love ne'er better was beſtow'd;
e pious daughter in her heart overflow'd.
id can ſhe from all weakneſs ſtill refrain?
id ſtill the firmneſs of her ſoul maintain?
poſſible! a ſigh will force its way;
e patient tear her *mortal* birth betray;
: ſighs and weeps! but ſo ſhe weeps and ſighs,
ſilent dews deſcend, and vapours riſe.
Celeſtial Patience! how doſt thou defeat
ie foe's proud menace, and elude his hate?
hile Paſſion takes his part, betrays our peace;
) death and torture ſwells each ſlight diſgrace;
not oppoſing, thou doſt ills deſtroy,
id wear thy conquer'd ſorrows into joy.
w *ſhe* revolves within her anxious mind;
hat woe ſtill lingers in reſerve behind.

piety itſelf conve
She thought, and ſigh'd.
To leave her beauteous cl
New ſorrow dimm'd the l
And on her cheek the fadi
Alas! ſhould Guilford too
To that dire view, that *pre*
While there ſhe trembling ſt
Nor can recede, till heaven
Cure of all ills, till now he
But not to chear her heart a
Not now, as uſual, like the
To chaſe the ſhadows and the
But, like a gloomy ſtorm at o
And plunge her to the bottom
Black were his robes, dejected
His voice was frozen by his co
Slow, like a ghoſt, he mov'd
A dying paleneſs ſat upon his
Back ſh

But when the winds and weighty rains deſcend,
The fair and upright ſtem is forc'd to bend;
Till broke at length, its ſnowy leaves are ſhed,
And ſtrew with dying ſweets their native bed.

« Hic pietatis honos? ſic

HER Guilford claſps
And with a kiſs rec
To tapers thus, which by
A lighted taper, touch'd,
She rear'd her ſwimming e
And Guilford too, or ſhe
Her *father*'s death ſhe bore
But now ſhe muſt, ſhe will
Ah! Guilford, ſhe began,
But ſobs ruth'd in, and ev
Reaſon itſelf, as guſts of
Was ruffled in the tempeſt;
So the youth left

What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love diſtilling from the fair?
It melts us down; our pains delight beſtow;
And we with fondneſs languiſh o'er our woe.
This Guilford prov'd; and, with exceſs of pain,
And pleaſure too, did to his boſom ſtrain
The weeping fair: ſunk deep in ſoft deſire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
Then tore himſelf away; and, ſtanding wide,
As fearing a relapſe of fondneſs, cry'd,
With ill-diſſembled grief; "My life, forbear!
"You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear:
"Did you not chide my grief? Repreſs your own;
"Nor want compaſſion for *yourſelf* alone:
"Have you beheld, how, from the diſtant main,
"The thronging waves roll on, a numerous train,
"And foam, and bellow, till they reach the ſhore;
"There burſt their noiſy pride, and are no more?
"Thus the ſucceſſive flows of human race,
"Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chaſe;
"They ſound, and ſwell, their haughty heads they rear;
"Then fall, and flatten, break, and diſappear.
"Life is a forfeit we muſt ſhortly pay;
"And where 's the mighty lucre of a day?
"Why ſhould you mourn *my* fate? 'Tis moſt unkind;
"Your *own* you bore with an unſhaken mind:
"And which, can you imagine, was the dart
"That drank moſt blood, ſunk deepeſt in my heart?
"I cannot live without you; and my doom
"I meet with joy, to ſhare one common tomb.—

"And

And help Maria to destroy my j
But, oh! againſt himſelf his la
The more He comforted, the mor
Compaſſion ſwells our grief; word
But ſooth our weakneſs, and diſſol
Her ſorrow flow'd in ſtreams; nor
While That he blam'd, he yielded
Where are the ſmiles ſhe wore, wh
Hail'd him great partner of the re
When orient gems around her tem
And bending nations on the glory
'Tis now the Queen's command,
To weep with dignity, and mourn
She forms the *decent* miſery with jo
And loads with pomp the wretch ſ
A ſpacious hall is hung with black
Shut out, and noon-day darken'd
From the mid-roof a lamp depend
Like a dim creſcent in a clouded ſk

A ſcene, that would have damp'd with riſing cares,
And quite extinguiſh'd, every love but theirs.
What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes—
Then Guilford, thus abruptly; "I deſpiſe
'An empire loſt; I fling away the crown;
'Numbers have laid that bright deluſion down;
'But where 's the Charles, or Dioclefian where,
'Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
'Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to ſtand
'In full poſſeſſion of thy ſnowy hand!
'And, through th' unclouded cryſtal of thine eye,
'The heavenly treaſures of the mind to ſpy!
'Till rapture reaſon happily deſtroys,
'And my ſoul wanders through immortal joys!
'Give me the world, and aſk me, Where 's my bliſs?
'I claſp thee to my breaſt, and anſwer, *This.*
'And ſhall the grave"—He groans, and can no more;
But all her charms in ſilence traces o'er;
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
And, wondering, ſees, in ſad *preſaging* thought,
From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
And roll along the duſt, a ghaſtly ball!

Oh! let thoſe *tremble*, who are greatly bleſs'd!
For who, but Guilford, could be thus diſtreſs'd?
Come hither, all you Happy, all you Great,
From flowery meadows, and from rooms of ſtate;
Nor think I call, your pleaſures to deſtroy,
But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
Weep not; but, ſmiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler titles than the Brave or Fair.

Was

Fierce, reſolute, delirious with ...
His fears for her *alone*: he beat hi
And thus the fervour of his ſoul e
" Oh! let thy thought o'er our pa
" And ſhew one moment uninflam
" Oh! if thy kindneſs can no long
" In pity to thyſelf, forget the pa
" Elſe wilt thou never, void of ſh
" Pronounce *his* doom, whom tho
" Thou who haſt took me to thy
" Empires were vile, and Fate co
" That to *continue*, was its utmo
" And make the future like the
" Now call a ruffian; bid his cr
" Lay wide the boſom of thy wo
" Transfix his heart (ſince you
" And ſtain his honour with a
" *This* might perhaps be borne
" But ſure a *father's* pangs will

Bending beneath the burden of his care;
His robes neglected, and his head was bare;
Decrepit winter, in the yearly ring,
Thus ſlowly creeps, to meet the blooming ſpring:
Downward he caſt a melancholy look;
Thrice turn'd, to hide his grief; than faintly ſpoke,
" Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
" That ax can only rob *me* of a day;
" For *thee*, my ſoul's deſire! I can't refrain;
" And ſhall my tears, my *laſt* tears, flow in vain?
" When you ſhall know a mother's tender name,
" My heart's diſtreſs no longer will you blame."
At this, afar his burſting groans were heard;
The tears ran trickling down his ſilver beard:
He ſnatch'd her hand, which to his lips he preſt,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breaſt;
Then, ſinking, call'd her piety unjuſt,
And ſoil'd his hoary temples in the duſt.

Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
Has the Queen brib'd you to diſtreſs her foe?
O weak deſerters to misfortune's part,
By falſe affection thus to pierce her heart!
When ſhe had ſoar'd, to let your arrows fly,
And fetch her bleeding from the middle ſky!
And can her virtue, ſpringing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and diſdain the wound,
When cleaving love, and human intereſt, bind
The broken force of her aſpiring mind;
As round the generous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her ſtrength, the ſerpent wreaths his train,

To view discover, reflecting on the
Three headleſs trunks, of thoſe who
And in her wars immortal glory ga
The lifted ax aſſur'd her ready doon
And ſilent mourners ſadden'd all th
Shall I proceed? or here break off r
Nor truths, to ſtagger human faith,

She met this utmoſt malice of her
With Chriſtian dignity, and pious
The beating ſtorm's propitious rage
And all the *martyr* triumph'd in he
Her *lord* and *father*, for a moment'
She ſtrictly folded in her ſoft embrac
Then thus ſhe ſpoke, while angels l
And ſudden gladneſs ſmil'd along th

" Your over-fondneſs has not m
" I am well pleas'd you make my d
" I joy I cannot ſave you; and hav
" Two lives, much *dearer* than my

" He ſhot his ſting in *that* farewel-embrace;
" And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
" Then let miſtaken ſorrow be ſuppreſt,
" Nor ſeem to envy my approaching reſt."
Then, turning to the miniſters of fate,
She, ſmiling, ſays, " My victory's complete:
" And tell your Queen, I thank her for the blow,
" And grieve my gratitude I cannot ſhow:
" A poor return I leave in England's crown,
" For everlaſting pleaſure, and renown:
" Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
" Her guilt—the *only* vengeance in her power."
Not Rome, untouch'd with ſorrow, heard her fate;
And fierce Maria pity'd her too late.

LOVE OF FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IN

SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRES.

" ——Fulgente trahit conſtrictos gloria curru
" Non minus ignotos generoſis."

HOR.

PREFACE.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conſcious of the leaſt malevolence to any particular perſon through all the characters; though ſome perſons may be ſo ſelfiſh, as to engroſs a general application to themſelves. A writer in polite letters ſhould be content with reputation; the private amuſement he finds in his compoſitions; the good influence they have on his ſeverer ſtudies; that admiſſion they give him to his ſuperiors; and the poſſible good effect they may have on the public; or elſe he ſhould join to his politeneſs ſome more lucrative qualification.

But it is poſſible, that Satire may not do much good: men may riſe in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abuſed by others: It is much *to be feared*, that miſconduct will never be chaſed out of the world by Satire; all therefore that is to be ſaid for it, is, that miſconduct will *certainly* be never chaſed out of the world by Satire, if no Satires are written: nor is that term unapplicable to graver compoſitions. Ethics, Heathen and Chriſtian, and the Scriptures themſelves, are, in a great meaſure, a Satire on the weakneſs and iniquity of men; and ſome part of that Satire is in verſe too: nay, in the firſt Ages,

may be conſidered as Satirifts, ſince ſuch are moſt human a expoſe them.

No man can converſe mu what he meets with, he muſ grieve, or be angry, or ſmile. not impaſſive) muſt be moved of mankind is by no means a ſonable and virtuous man. turn it into ridicule, I think n ourſelves leaſt, and gives vice fence: and that for *this* rea aim at by them, is, generall eſteem; which truth is the ſ Satires; and joins them togeth from the ſame root: an unity not, I think, in a ſet of ſa before.

we ſhould not be offended at what we find amiſs: and the *Cauſe* ſeems not to be the natural cure of any *Effect*.

Moreover, Laughing Satire bids the faireſt for ſucceſs: the world is too proud to be fond of a ſerious tutor; and when an Author is in a paſſion, the laugh, generally, as in converſation, turns againſt him. This kind of Satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the beſt maſter: he appears in good humour while he cenſures; and therefore his cenſure has the more weight, as ſuppoſed to proceed from judgment, not from paſſion. Juvenal is ever in a paſſion: He has little valuable but his eloquence and morality: The laſt of which I have had in my eye; but rather for emulation, than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal, in part of the ſixth Satire (where the occaſion moſt required it), I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it ſoon, as diſagreeable to the writer, and reader too. Boileau has joined *both* the Roman Satirifts with great ſucceſs; but has too much of Juvenal in his very ſerious Satire on Woman, which ſhould have been the gayeſt of all. An excellent critic of our own commends Boileau's cloſeneſs, or, as he calls it, *preſſneſs*, particularly; whereas, it appears to me, that repetition is his fault, if any fault ſhould be imputed to him.

There are ſome proſe Satirifts of the greateſt delicacy and wit; the laſt of which can never, or ſhould never, ſucceed

ſucceed without the former. An Author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himſelf; which are bad advocates for reputation and ſucceſs. What a difference is there between the *merit*, if not the *wit*, of Cervantes and Rabelais! The laſt has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jeſt; but the genius and the ſcholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converſe with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for ſome ſervices; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taſte, as judges of compoſition: Nature has wiſely formed us with an averſion to it; and he that ſucceeds in ſpight of it is, * "aliena "venia, quam ſua providentia tutior."

Such wits, like falſe oracles of old (which were wits and cheats), ſhould ſet up for reputation among the *weak*, in ſome Bœotia, which was the land of oracles; for the *wiſe* will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in *ambiguities*; but not with equal ſucceſs: for though ambiguities are the *firſt* excellence of an impoſtor, they are the *laſt* of a wit.

Some ſatirical wits and humouriſts, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiſcriminately; which betrays ſuch a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and ſuch a want of virtue, as to poſtpone it to a jeſt. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which

* Val. Max.

which they pretend to combat, by ſetting them on an equal foot with better things: and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts ſhould eſcape? Some *French* writers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the laſt conſequence; and ſome of our own. They that are for leſſening the true dignity of mankind, are not ſure of being ſucceſsful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that juſtly makes a Wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me mind of Plato's fable of the birth of Love; one of the prettieſt fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewiſe with regard to modern *Poetry*. Love, ſays he, is the ſon of the goddeſs Poverty, and the god of Riches: he has from his *father* his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building caſtles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things ſerious and uſeful; his vain opinion of his own merit; and his affectation of preference and diſtinction: from his *mother* he inherits his indigence, which makes him a conſtant beggar of favours; that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his ſervility; his fear of being deſpiſed, which is inſeparable from him. This addition may be made; *viz.* That Poetry, like Love, is a little ſubject to *blindneſs*, which makes her miſtake her way to preferments and honours; that ſhe has her satirical *quiver*; and, laſtly, that ſhe retains a dutiful admiration of her *father's* family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her *mother's* relations.

However,

SATIRE I.

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

" ——Tanto major Famæ ſitis eſt, quam
" Virtutis." Juv. Sat. x.

MY verſe is Satire; Dorſet, lend your ear,
And *patronize* a Muſe you cannot *fear*.
To poets ſacred is a Dorſet's name:
Their wonted paſſport through the gates of fame;
It *bribes* the partial reader into praiſe,
And throws a glory round the ſhelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can ſee,
And gives applauſe to Blackmore, or to me.
But you decline the *miſtreſs* we purſue;
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.
Inſtructive Satire, true to virtue's cauſe!
Thou ſhining *ſupplement* of public *laws*!
When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
Reproach our ſilence, and demand our rage;
When *purchas'd follies*, from each diſtant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's ſkilful hand;
When the *Law* ſhews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-ſea treaſures are not brought to light;
When *Churchmen* Scripture for the Claſſics quit,
Polite apoſtates from God's *grace* to *Wit*;
When men grow *great* from their *revenue ſpent*,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;

When

Set up each ſenſeleſs wretch
On whom praiſe ſhines, as
Shall funeral eloquence her
And ſcatter roſes on the we
Shall authors ſmile on ſuch
And *ſatiriſe* with nothing—
Why ſlumbers Pope, who
Nor hears that virtue, which
Donne, Dorſet, Dryden, Ro
And guilt's chief foe, in Ad
Congreve, who, crown'd with
Sits ſmiling at the goal, while
He will not write; and (more
Ye gods! he will not write,
Doubly diſtreſt, what author
Diſcreetly daring, and ſeverel
The courtly * Roman's ſhinin
And ſharply *ſmile* prevailing

ve of Praiſe, howe'er conceal'd by art,
, more or leſs, and glows, in every heart:
oud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
deſt ſhun it, but to make it ſure.
obes, and ſceptres, now on thrones it ſwells;
rims the midnight lamp in college cells:
ory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
ues in Senates, ſqueaks in Maſquerades.
o Steele's *humour* makes a bold pretence;
bolder, aims at Pulteney's *eloquence*.
the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
aps the plain with mountains of the dead;
ls with *life*; but nods in ſable *plumes*,
our *bearſe*, and flatters on our *tombs*.
t is not *proud*? The *pimp* is proud to ſee
y like himſelf in high degree:
bore is proud her beauties are the dread
riſh virtue and the marriage-bed;
e brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
ghter, glories in his gilded horn.
go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
me back much more guilty than they went:
y they *look*, another way they *ſteer*,
the gods, but would have mortals hear;
ıen their ſins they ſet ſincerely down,
find that their religion has been one.
's with wiſhful eyes on *glory* look,
hey have got their *picture* towards a book:
ous title, like a gaudy ſign,
o betray dull ſots to wretched wine.

If

If at his title T——— had dropt his quill,
T——— might have paſs'd for a great genius ſtill.
But T——— alas! (excuſe him, if you can,)
Is now a *ſcribbler*, who was once a *man*.
Imperious ſome a claſſic *fame* demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
While A's *depos'd*, and B with pomp *reſtor'd*.
Some, for *renown*, on ſcraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both ſtrive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.
On *glaſs* how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond coſt a man ſo *dear*?
Polite diſeaſes make ſome ideots *vain*;
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
Of folly, vice, diſeaſe, men proud we ſee;
And (ſtranger ſtill!) of blockheads' flattery;
Whoſe praiſe defames; as if a fool ſhould mean,
By ſpitting on your face, to make it clean.
Nor is 't enough all hearts are ſwoln with *pride*,
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can ſhe not perform? The Love of Fame
Made bold Alphonſus his Creator blame:
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning ſteep:
And (ſtronger ſtill!) made Alexander weep.
Nay, it holds Delia from a ſecond bed,
Though her lov'd lord has four half-months been dead.
This paſſion with a *pimple* have I ſeen
Retard a cauſe, and give a judge the ſpleen.

By *this* inſpir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to *ſpell*, and ſome to *knot*.
It makes Globoſe a ſpeaker in the houſe;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouſe.
It makes *dear ſelf* on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.
Sick with the *Love of Fame*, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *ſenate* thin?
My growing ſubject ſeems but juſt begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer! with thy *epic* rules,
To take a catalogue of Britiſh fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorſet's force divine,
A knave or fool ſhould periſh in each line;
Though for the firſt all Weſtminſter ſhould plead,
And for the laſt all Greſham intercede.

Begin. Who firſt the *catalogue* ſhall grace?
To *quality* belongs the higheſt place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room:
He ſtands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry, prov'd *valiant* or *diſcreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three deſcents* leſs wiſe!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raiſe his father's from the grave.
Men ſhould preſs forward in fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look *backward*, and ſo loſe the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low eſtate.

The fool, or knave, that wears a

They that on glorious anceſtor
Produce their *debt*, inſtead of the
Dorſet, let thoſe who proudly bo
Like thee, in worth hereditary, ſt
Vain as falſe greatneſs is, the l
We want not fools to buy that B
Mean ſons of earth, who, on a ſ
Of full ſucceſs, ſwam into *wealt*
Knock with a purſe of gold at A
And beg to be deſcended from th

When men of infamy to grand
They light a torch to ſhew their f
Thoſe governments which *curb* n
And a rich knave 's a *libel* on ou

Belus with ſolid *glory* will be c
He buys no phantom, no vain em
But *builds* himſelf a name; and,
Sinks in a quarry an immenſe eſta

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly ſeat,
But a diſcharge in full for an eſtate?
In ſmaller compaſs lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique ſtatues, are his flame:
Not Fountaine's ſelf more Parian charms has known;
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with ſtone.
The bailiffs come (rude men prophanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
"No, ſirs, he cries; I'll ſooner rot in jail:
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for Engliſh bail?"
Such *heads* might make their very *buſto's* laugh:
His daughter ſtarves; but * Cleopatra 's ſafe.
Men, overloaded with a large eſtate,
May ſpill their treaſure in a nice conceit:
The *rich* may be polite; but, oh! 'tis ſad
To ſay you 're *curious*, when we ſwear you 're *mad*.
By your revenue meaſure your expence;
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *ſenſe*.
No man is bleſs'd by *accident* or *gueſs*;
True *wiſdom* is the price of *happineſs*:
Yet few without long diſcipline are ſage;
And our *youth* only lays up ſighs for *age*.
But how, my Muſe, canſt thou reſiſt ſo long
The bright temptation of the Courtly throng,
Thy moſt inviting theme? The *court* affords
Much food for ſatire;—it abounds in lords.

* A famous ſtatue.

"What lords are thoſe ſaluting with a grin?"
One is juſt *out*, and one as lately *in*.
"How comes it then to paſs we ſee preſide
"On both their brows an equal ſhare of *pride*?"
Pride, that impartial paſſion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deſerts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,
And frowns a haughty exile in *diſgrace*.
Some lords it bids admire their wands ſo white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their raviſh'd ſight:
Some lords it bids *reſign*; and turns their wands,
Like Moſes', into ſerpents in their hands.
Theſe ſink, as divers, for renown; and boaſt,
With pride *inverted*, of their honours loſt.
But againſt reaſon ſure 'tis equal ſin,
The boaſt of merely being *out*, or *in*.
What numbers *here*, through odd ambition, ſtrive
To ſeem the moſt tranſported things alive?
As if by *joy*, *deſert* was underſtood:
And all the fortunate were *wiſe* and *good*.
Hence aching boſoms wear a viſage gay,
And ſtifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dreſt by * Monteuil and grimace,
They take their *birth-day* ſuit and *public* face:
Their ſmiles are only part of what they *wear*.
Put off at night, with Lady B——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half ſo bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

What

* A famous taylor.

What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
Conſcious of merit, in the coxcomb's *dance*;
The tavern! park! aſſembly! maſk! and play!
Thoſe dear deſtroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that ſaunter of the town!
Call it *diverſion*, and the *pill* goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, *ſtoic*-like, ſupport,
Without one ſigh, the *pleaſures* of a court.
Courts can give nothing, to the *wiſe* and *good*,
But ſcorn of pomp, and love of ſolitude.
High ſtations *tumult*, but not *bliſs*, create:
None think the Great unhappy, but the Great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a ſting,
Which makes a ſwain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry and ſhow;
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind ſerene,
And guiltleſs heart, to range the ſylvan ſcene;
No ſplendid poverty, no ſmiling care,
No well-bred hate, or ſervile grandeur, *there*:
There pleaſing objects uſeful thoughts ſuggeſt;
The *ſenſe* is raviſh'd, and the *ſoul* is bleſt;
On every thorn delightful wiſdom grows;
In every rill a ſweet inſtruction flows.
But ſome, *untaught*, o'erhear the whiſpering rill,
In ſpite of ſacred leiſure, blockheads ſtill:
Nor ſhoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native ſoil, the *drawing-room*.

The *Squire* is *proud* to ſee his courſers ſtrain,
Or well-breath'd beagles ſweep along the plain.

Say, dear Hippolytus (whoſe drink is ale,
Whoſe erudition is a Chriſtmas-tale,
Whoſe miſtreſs is ſaluted with a ſmack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy ſleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praiſe? Let Ringwood's fame alone;
Juſt Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies, when a gypſy *you* commit,
And ſhake the clumſy *bench* with country wit;
When you the dulleſt of dull things have ſaid,
And then aſk pardon for the *jeſt* you made.
Here breathe, my Muſe! and then thy taſk renew:
Ten thouſand fools unſung are ſtill in view.
Fewer lay-atheiſts made by church debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large eſtates;
Ladies, whoſe love is conſtant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Scrope diſcreetly bend;
And fewer *ſhocks* a ſtateſman gives his *friend*.
Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his ſtrain,
At Bath, in *ſummer*, chants the reigning laſs,
And ſweetly *whiſtles*, as the *waters* paſs?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding-up?
Is there, whom his *tenth Epic* mounts to fame?
Such, and ſuch only, might exhauſt my theme:
Nor would theſe heroes of the taſk be glad,
For who can *write* ſo faſt as men run *mad*?

SATIRE

SATIRE II.

MY Muſe, proceed, and reach they deſtin'd end;
Though *toils* and *danger* the bold taſk attend.
'eroes and *Gods* make other poems fine;
lain Satire calls for *ſenſe* in every line:
'hen, to what ſwarms thy faults I dare expoſe!
ll friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
Vhen *ſuch* the foe, a war eternal wage;
Tis moſt ill-nature to *repreſs* thy rage:
nd if theſe ſtrains ſome nobler Muſe excite,
'll glory in the verſe I did *not* write.
So weak are human-kind by nature made,
r to ſuch weakneſs by their vice betray'd.
lmighty *vanity!* to thee they owe
'heir *zeſt* of pleaſure, and their *balm* of woe.
'hou, like the ſun, all *colours* doſt contain,
arying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
or every ſoul finds reaſons to be proud,
'hough hiſs'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in purſuit of foxes and renown,
Hippolytus demands the *ſylvan* crown;
ut Florio's fame, the product of a ſhower,
rows in his garden, an illuſtrious flower!
Vhy teems the earth? Why melt the vernal ſkies?
Vhy ſhines the ſun? To make † Paul Diack riſe.

This refers to the firſt Satire. † The name of a tulip.

From morn to night has Florio gazing ſtood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be ſo good;
What ſhape! What hue! Was ever nymph ſo fair?
He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
O ſolid bliſs! which nothing can deſtroy,
Except a cat, bird, ſnail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a moſt inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair ſiſter's fate,
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
Nor are thoſe enemies I mention'd, all;
Beware, O Floriſt, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker ſerv'd him, Adam was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft the maſter went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture ſpent;
But came, and miſt it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *dæmon* cropt my flower?"
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas cruſht by me;
"Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dſt thy knee."
But all men want *amuſement*; and what crime
In ſuch a paradiſe to fool their time?
None: but why proud of this? To fame they ſoar;
We grant *they 're idle*, if they 'll aſk no more.
We ſmile at Floriſts, we deſpiſe their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
But are thoſe wiſer whom we moſt admire,
Survey with envy, and purſue with fire?
What 's he who ſighs for wealth, or fame, or power?
Another Florio doating on a flower!

liv'd flower; and which has often ſprung
did arts, as Florio's out of dung.
what, O Codrus! is thy fancy ſmit?
ver of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
idy ſhelves with crimſon bindings glow,
ictetus is a perfect beau.
for thee, bound up in crimſon too,
d, like them, devoted to the view!
oks are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
ence ſhould be purchas'd by the yard;
nſon, turn'd upholſterer, ſend home
led leather to *fit up* thy room.
: to ſome peculiar end deſign'd,
the ſpecious *trifling* of the mind;
beſt a ſecondary aim,
for *ſport* alone, and not for *game*.
are they who the *mere volume* prize,
: the thicket where the *quarry* lies.
uying books Lorenzo long was bent,
nd at length that it reduc'd his rent;
ns were flown; when, lo! a ſale comes on,
e collection! what is to be done?
his *laſt*; for he the whole will buy;
'n his houſe; nay, wants whereon to lie:
the generous ardour of the man
nans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
erms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
) ſign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
ied men of books aſſume the care,
uchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not

... pay a sage, who *says* tha
Who *titles* knows, and *index*
But leaves to Chesterfield wh
Of pompous books who shun
And humbly is contented wit

O Stanhope, whose accompl
The *promise* of a long-illustric
In *arts* and *manners* eminently
The strictest *honour!* and the fi
Accept this verse; if Satire ca
With so consummate an *human*

By your example would Hila
How would it grace the talents
Who, with the charms of his ow
Conceives all virtues are compriz
But time his fervent petulance m
For though he is a *wit*, he is no
In time he 'll learn to *use*, not *wa*
Nor make a *frailty* of

irts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd;
n draw your *wit* as ſeldom as your *ſword*;
never on the *weak*; or you 'll appear
here no hero, no great genius *here*.
n ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
vit is by *politeneſs* ſharpeſt ſet:
ir want of edge from their *offence* is ſeen;
pain us *leaſt* when exquiſitely keen.
fame men give is for the *joy* they find;
is the *jeſter*, when the joke 's *unkind*.
nce Marcus, doubtleſs, thinks himſelf a wit,
ay my compliment, what place ſo fit?
moſt facetious * letters came to hand,
ch my Firſt Satire ſweetly reprimand:
at a *juſt* offence to Marcus gave,
Marcus, which art thou, a *Fool*, or *Knave*?
all but ſuch with caution I forebore;
t thou waſt either, I ne'er knew before:
ow thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;
naſk ſo good, but Marcus muſt ſhine through:
names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
beſt concealment had been writing *well*:
thou a brave neglect of *fame* haſt ſhown,
thers' fame, great genius! and thy *own*.
te on unheeded; and this maxim know,
man who *pardons*, *diſappoints* his foe.
malice to *proud wits*, ſome proudly lull
ir *peeviſh* reaſon; *vain* of being dull;

When

* Letters ſent to the author, ſigned Marcus.

And diſinherit ſons that ar
Theſe, when their utmoſt v
Moſt barbarouſly tell you—
Poor *negroes*, thus, to ſhew
To cacodemons, ſay, they
Lampridius, from the bot
Sighs o'er one child; but tri
How juſt his *grief!* one carr
A leſs proportion of the fath
And is in danger, without ſ
To riſe above a juſtice of the
The *dunghill-breed* of men a
And feel a paſſion for a *grain*
Some ſtupid, plodding, mone
Who wins their hearts by kn
Who with *much* pains, exerti
Can range aright his ſhillings
The booby father crave

nature has deny'd, fools will purſue:
es are ever walking upon *two*.
ſſus, a *grateful* ſage, our awe and ſport!
rts grave forms; for forms the ſage ſupport.
ms; and cries, with an important air,
'onder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
quotes the Stagyrite, to prove it true;
dds, "The learn'd delight in ſomething *new*."
ot enough the blockhead ſcarce can read,
uſt he *wiſely* look, and *gravely* plead?
r a *formaliſt* from *wiſdom* ſits,
lging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.
:ſe ſubtle wights (ſo blind are mortal men,
gh Satire *couch* them with her keeneſt pen)
'er will hang out a ſolemn face,
it off *nonſenſe* with a better grace:
dlars with ſome hero's head make bold,
ious mark! where *pins* are to be ſold.
's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
ody's wiſdom to conceal the mind.
n of ſenſe can *artifice* diſdain;
en of wealth may venture to go *plain*;
e this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
vity 's a cover for a *ſot*.
the *fool*, when I behold the *ſkreen*;
is the wiſe man's intereſt to be ſeen.
ice, Cheſterfield, that openneſs of heart,
juſt diſdain for that poor *mimic* art;
: (manly praiſe!) that manner nobly free,
h all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With

... generous hearts the gr
And he who truſts a *brother*,
Theſe all their care expend
For wealth and fame; for fan
Of late at White's was young
How blank his look! how diſc
So hard it proves in grief ſince
Sunk were his ſpirits; for his c
Next day his breaſt regain'd i
His health was mended with a *f*
A curious artiſt, long inur'd to
Of gentler ſort, with combs, an
Whether by chance, or by ſome
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty
The well-ſwoln ties an equal hon
And either ſhoulder has its ſhare
His ſumptuous *watch-caſe*, thoug
Like a good *conſcience*, ſolid joy ſi
He only thinks himſelf ...

re meaſures, brought from France, he wheels,
iumphs, conſcious of his learned *heels*.
ave I ſeen, on ſome bright ſummer's day,
of genius, debonnair and gay,
on the bank, as if inſpir'd by fame,
f the *pretty fellow* in the ſtream.
oſe is ſunk with ſhame, whene'er ſurpris'd
n clean, or peruke undiſguis'd.
lunary chance his veſtments fear;
, like leopards, as their *ſpots* appear.
d ſurtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
s foot ſwims in a capacious ſhoe;
y his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
her barbarous *needle* at his fame:
en force was vain; by night ſhe went,
hile he ſlept, ſurpris'd the darling *rent*:
yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
glory, at one entrance, quite ſhut out *." 250
orns Florello, and Florello him;
ites the *filthy* creature; that, the *prim*:
in each other, both theſe fools deſpiſe
wn dear ſelves, with undiſcerning eyes;
nethods various, but alike their aim;
ven and the *fopling* are the ſame.
higs and tories! thus it fares with you,
party-rage too warmly you purſue;
oth club nonſenſe, and impetuous pride,
ly joins whom *ſentiments* divide.
at your ſpleen, as monkeys, when they paſs,
at the mimic monkey in the glaſs;

* Milton.

While

Florello, thou thy
I'll *conjure* thus for
O THOU myſelf! a
And, like ill huſbar
Thou too art wounc
And Love of Fame
And what wife mea
Know, *fame* and *fo*
Is thy ambition ſwe
Thou unambitious f
While I a moment
I 'm nearer death in
What then is to be
A fool at forty is a
And what ſo fool
How vain the prize!
For what are men
But *bubbles* on the r
That riſe and fall

SATIRE III.

TO

HE RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

ONG, Dodington, in debt, I long have ſought
To eaſe the burthen of my grateful thought;
d now a poet's gratitude you ſee;
ınt him *two* favours, and he 'll aſk for *three*:
whoſe the preſent glory, or the gain?
ı give protection, I a worthleſs ſtrain.
ı love and feel the poet's ſacred flame,
d know the baſis of a ſolid fame;
ough prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
ı read with all the *malice* of a *friend*;
favour my attempts that way alone,
, more to raiſe my verſe, *conceal* your own.
ın ill-tim'd modeſty! turn ages o'er,
en wanted Britain bright examples more?
learning, and her *genius* too, decays,
d *dark* and *cold* are her declining days;
if men now were of another caſt,
y meanly live *on alms* of ages paſt.
ı ſtill are men; and they who boldly dare,
ll triumph o'er the ſons of cold deſpair;
if they fail, they juſtly ſtill take place
ſuch who *run in debt* for their diſgrace;

Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
We bring ſome new materials, and what 's old
New caſt with care, and in no *borrow'd* mould;
Late times the verſe may read, if theſe refuſe;
And from four critics vindicate the Muſe.
"Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens ſtill, to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
For, grow but wiſe, you rob me of my game;
As hunted *bags*, who, while the dogs purſue,
Renounce their four legs, and ſtart up on two.
Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
Will I enjoy (dread feaſt!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell *deſtroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than thoſe who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To ſee what wretches gain the praiſe they miſs.
Balbutius, muffled in his ſable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens ſolemn, and as *boding*, cries,
"Ten thouſand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye doctors ſage, who through Parnaſſus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practiſe what you preach.
One judges as the *weather* dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a ſurer gage,
An author's *principles*, or *parentage*;

Since

Since his great anceſtors in Flanders fell,
The poem doubtleſs muſt be written well.
Another judges by the writer's *look*;
Another judges, for he *bought the book*;
Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep;
Some judge, becauſe it is too ſoon to *ſleep*.
Thus all will judge, and with one ſingle aim,
To gain themſelves, not give the writer, fame.
The very beſt *ambitiouſly* adviſe,
Half to ſerve you, and half to paſs for wiſe.
Critics on verſe, as *ſquibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ſtate;
Hot, envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribbling fry
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verſe can crown
Than Compton's ſmile, and your obliging frown?
Not all on *books* their *criticiſm* waſte:
The genius of a *diſh* ſome juſtly taſte,
And *eat* their way to *fame*; with anxious thought
The *ſalmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* brought.
Impatient art rebukes the ſun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May;
Their various cares in one great point combine
The buſineſs of their lives, that is—*to dine*.
Half of their precious day they give the *feaſt*;
And to a kind *digeſtion* ſpare the reſt.
Apicius, here, the taſter of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to ſettle their renown.
Theſe worthies of the palate guard with care
The ſacred annals of their *bills of fare*;

their front ſupplies what their
They know a thouſand lords,
Cottil is apt to wink upon a pe
When turn'd away, with a fami
And Harvey's eyes, unmerciful
Have murder'd fops, by whom
Niger adopts ſtray libels; wiſely
To covet ſhame ſtill greater than
Bathyllus, in the winter of three
Belies his innocence, and keeps a
Abſence of mind Brabantio turn
Learns to *miſtake*, nor knows his
Has words and thoughts in nice
And takes a memorandum to *forg*
Thus vain, not knowing what ad
Men *forge the patents* that create

As love of pleaſure into pain b
So moſt grow infamous through
But whence for praiſe can ſuch

O fruitful Britain! doubtleſs thou waſt meant
A nurſe of *fools*, to ſtock the continent.
Though Phoebus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the ſcythe will grow.
The plenteous harveſt calls me forward ſtill,
'Till I ſurpaſs in length my lawyer's bill;
A Welſh deſcent, which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer ſtill, a Dutchman's epigram.
When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See Tityrus, with merriment poſſeſt,
Is burſt with laughter, ere he hears the jeſt:
What need he ſtay? for when the joke is o'er,
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
Is there of *theſe*, ye fair! ſo great a dearth,
That you need purchaſe *monkeys* for your mirth?

Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire;
Of *houſes* ſome; nay, houſes that they *hire*:
Some (perfect wiſdom!) of a beauteous *wife*;
And boaſt, like Cordeliers, a ſcourge for life.

Sometimes, through pride, the ſexes change their airs;
My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *ſwears*;
Then, ſtranger ſtill! on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady 's *kind*.

To ſhew the ſtrength, and infamy of *pride*,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there, which at once purſue
Praiſe, and the glory to contemn it, too?
Vincenna knows *ſelf-praiſe* betrays to *ſhame*,
And therefore lays a ſtratagem for fame;

Oh! what ſenſe! what
That he wants algebra, he m
" But not a ſoul to give our
" Ah! That 's an hit indeed,
" But who in heat of blood w
" I own 'twas wrong, when t
" To make that hopeleſs, ill-a
" All ſay, 'twas madneſs; no
" Sure never fool ſo well deſerv
Could *this* deceive in others, to
It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceiv
Whoſe conduct is a comment to
So clear, the dulleſt cannot take
Thou on *one ſleeve* wilt thy *reve*
And haunt the court, without a
Are theſe expedients for renown
Thy *little ſelf*, that I may ſcorn
Be wiſe, Vincenna, and the co
Our fortunes there

gh to keep *two ſhoes* on Sunday clean,
ſtarve upon diſcreetly, in Sheer-Lane.
dy *this* thy fortune can afford;
ſtarve without the *favour* of my lord.
rue, great fortunes ſome great men confer:
often, even in doing right, they err:
caprice, not from *choice*, their favours come:
give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
man that 's neareſt, *yawning*, they advance:
inhumanity to *bleſs* by chance.
erit ſues, and greatneſs is ſo loth
reak its downy trance, I pity *both*.
rant at court, Philander, at his need,
nks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
very charm and virtue ſhe 's poſſeſt:
nder! thou art exquiſitely bleſt;
public envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,
man is found, who may be *juſtly* proud:
ſee! how ſickly is ambition's taſte!
ition feeds on traſh, and loaths a feaſt;
lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
cret loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.
me nymphs ſell reputation; others buy;
love a market where the rates run high:
n muſic 's ſweet, becauſe 'tis dear;
r *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear*:
r taſtes would leſſen, if the prices fell,
Shakeſpeare's wretched ſtuff do quite as well;
y the diſinchanted fair would throng,
own, that Engliſh is their mother tongue.

To ſhew how much our northern taſtes refine,
Imported nymphs our peereſſes outſhine;
While *tradeſmen* ſtarve, theſe Philomels are gay;
For generous lords had rather *give* than *pay*.
Behold the maſquerade's fantaſtic ſcene!
The Legiſlature join'd with Drury-Lane!
When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And ſerve their *country*—if the *dance* is done.
" Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtleſs; but firſt ſet your notions right.
Worth, of *politeneſs* is the needful ground;
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel;
'Tis *ſolid* bodies only *poliſh* well.
Great, choſen prophet! for theſe latter days,
To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways!
Well, Heydegger, doſt thou thy *maſter* ſerve;
Well has he ſeen his *ſervant* ſhould not ſtarve,
Thou to his name haſt ſplendid *temples* rais'd;
In various forms of *worſhip* ſeen him prais'd,
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, ſhown,
And ſung ſweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
Inferior offerings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice*;
Thy ſacrifice ſupreme, an *hundred maids!*
That ſolemn rite of midnight maſquerades!
If maids the quite exhauſted town denies,
An hundred head of *cuckolds* may ſuffice.
Thou ſmil'ſt, well pleas'd with the *converted* land,
To ſee the *fifty churches* at a ſtand.

And

t thy miniſter may never fail,
t thy hand has planted ſtill prevail,
r *prophets* a ſucceſſion ſure
pagation of thy zeal ſecure.
ımmons, peers, and miniſters of ſtate,
n council met, and deep debate!
odlike enterprize is taking birth?
onder opens on th' expecting earth?
ıe! with loud applauſe the council rings!
the fate of *whores* and *fiddle-ſtrings!*
gh bold theſe truths, thou, Muſe, with truths like theſe,
ne offend, whom 'tis a praiſe to pleaſe:
rs flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
t *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.
rible it were to common-ſenſe,
e a *Satire*, which gave none *offence!*
nce from *life* I take the draughts you ſee,
diſlike them, do they cenſure *me?*
l, and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
odlike an attempt the world to mend;
rld, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
know the game, and *honeſt men* pay all.
hard for real worth to gain its price!
ſhall make his fortune in a trice,
with pliant, though but ſlender, ſenſe,
modeſty, and real impudence:
e knee, ſmooth tongue, an eaſy grace,
within, a ſmile upon his face;

A beau-

A beauteous ſiſter, or convenient wife,
Are *prizes* in the lottery of life;
Genius and Virtue they will ſoon defeat,
And lodge you in the boſom of the *great*.
To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*
For men's refuſing what you ought to gain.
May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my preſaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendſhip grac'd,
Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, *here*, thoſe awful councils aid,
Which you, *abroad*, with ſuch ſucceſs obey'd!
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendſhip dear;
What moſt we wiſh, with eaſe we fancy near.

SATIRE

SATIRE IV.

TO

IE RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

) OUND ſome fair tree th' ambitious woodbine
grows,
id breathes her ſweets on the ſupporting boughs:
ſweet the *verſe*, th' ambitious verſe, ſhould be,
) ! pardon mine) that hopes ſupport from thee;
iee, Compton, born o'er ſenates to preſide,
ieir *dignity* to raiſe, their *councils* guide;
ep to diſcern, and widely to ſurvey,
id kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;
diſtant virtues nice extremes to blend,
ie Crown's aſſerter, and the People's friend:
r doſt thou ſcorn, amid ſublimer views,
) liſten to the labours of the Muſe;
y ſmiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
id 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inſpire*.
c'd at a public fame, ſo juſtly won,
e jealous Chremes is with ſpleen undone;
remes, for airy penſions of *renown*,
votes his ſervice to the State and Crown;
l ſchemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,
iough Britain 's thankleſs, ſtill *this patriot* loves:

But

But patriots differ; ſome may ſhed their blood,
He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the public good;
Conſults the ſacred ſteam, and there foreſees
What ſtorms, or ſun-ſhine, Providence decrees;
Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate;
A Quidnunc is an *almanack* of State.

You ſmile, and think *this* ſtateſman void of uſe;
Why may not time his ſecret worth produce?
Since *apes* can roaſt the choice Caſtanian *Nut*,
Since *ſteeds* of genius are expert at *Put*;
Since half the Senate "Not content" can ſay,
Geeſe nations ſave, and *puppies* plots betray.

What makes *him* model realms, and counſel kings?
An incapacity for ſmaller things:
Poor Chremes can't conduct his *own eſtate*,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' ſkill,
And boldly claims a province higher ſtill:
To raiſe a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible, and a *ſhoulder-knot*;
Deep in the ſecret, he looks through the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *ſaves his ſoul*;
To talk with reverence you muſt take good heed,
Nor ſhock his *tender reaſon* with the Creed:
Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with *blaſphemies*.

Peerage is poiſon, good eſtates are bad
For this diſeaſe; poor rogues run ſeldom mad.
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling ſtocks* quite cur'd an unbelief?

While

the ſun ſhines, Blunt talks with wondrous force;
nder mars *ſmall beer*, and *weak diſcourſe*.
ſeful *inſtruments* the weather ſhow,
their *mercury* is high or low:
chiefly keeps an Atheiſt in the dark;
r argues better than a Clarke:
: the logick in his *pulſe* decay,
recian he 'll renounce, and learn to pray;
C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
oſtate youth, who reaſon'd *once* ſo well.
—, who makes merry with the Creed,
oft thinks he diſbelieves *indeed*;
ly thinks ſo; to give both their due,
and *he*, believe, and tremble too.
ıe for *glory* ſuch the boundleſs rage,
hey 're the blackeſt *ſcandal* of their age.
iſſus the Tartarian *club* diſclaims;
Free-maſon, with ſome terror, names;
no duty; nor can *envy* ſay,
s'd, theſe many years, the Church, or Play:
kes no noiſe in Parliament, 'tis true;
ys his *debts*, and *viſit*, when 'tis due;
ıracter and *gloves* are ever clean,
ıen, he can out-bow the *bowing dean*;
e eternal on his lip he wears,
equally the wiſe and worthleſs ſhares.
fatigues, this moſt undaunted chief,
of *idleneſs* beyond belief,

Moſt

And, join'd to two, he fa
Narciſſus is the glory of hi
For who does *nothing* with
To deck my liſt, by natu
Such ſhining *expletives* of l
Who want, while through b
Senſe to be right, and *paſſion*
To counterpoiſe this hero
Some for renown are *ſingular*
What other men diſlike, is fi
Of all mankind, theſe dear *a*
Through pride, not malice, th
And *birth-days* are their days
Arbuthnot is a fool, and F—
S—ly will fright you, E——
By nature ſtreams run backwa
Stones mount, and Suſſex is th
They take their reſt by *day*, a
And bluſh, if you ſurprize

Though wrong the mode, comply; more ſenſe is ſhewn
In wearing *others'* follies, than your *own*.
If what is out of faſhion moſt you prize,
Methinks you ſhould endeavour to be wiſe.
But what in oddneſs can be more ſublime
Than Sloane the foremoſt *toyman* of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich *ſhell* inhances,
And Aſhmole's baby-houſe is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
How his eyes languiſh! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which Joſeph *never* wore!
He ſhews, on *holidays*, a ſacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen Beſs's chin.
" Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,
" Since that great *plague* that ſwept as many more,
" Was ever year unbleſt as *this?*" he'll cry,
" It has not brought us one new *butterfly!*"
In times that ſuffer ſuch learn'd men as *theſe*,
Unhappy I——y! how came *you* to pleaſe?
Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
But, in effect, his chace is much the ſame:
Warm in purſuit, he *levées* all the great,
Stanch to the foot of *title* and *eſtate*:
Where-e'er their *lordſhips* go, they never find
Or Lico, or their *ſhadows*, lag behind;
He *ſets* them ſure, where-e'er their *lordſhips* run,
Cloſe at their elbows, as a *morning-dun*;

As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,
And *fame* was like a *fever*, to be caught:
But after ſeven years dance, from place to place,
The * Dane is more familiar with his Grace.

Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;
Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,
For ever whiſpering ſecrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, through the town?
Who'd be a *glaſs*, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy *pin* to ſtick upon his ſleeve,
When my lord 's gracious, and vouchſafes *it* leave;
Or *cuſhion*, when his heavineſs ſhall pleaſe
To loll, or *thump* it, for his better eaſe;
Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night, beſpoke,
When the peer *raſhly* ſwears he 'll club his joke?
Who'd ſhake with laughter, though he could not find
His lordſhip's jeſt; or, if his noſe broke wind,
For bleſſings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry, "Chimney ſweep," or drive a *plough?*
With terms like theſe, how mean the tribe that *cloſe!*
Scarce meaner they, who terms like theſe *impoſe.*

But what 's the tribe moſt likely to comply?
The men of ink, or antient authors lye;
The writing tribe, who ſhameleſs *auctions* hold
Of praiſe, by inch of candle to be ſold:
All men they flatter, but themſelves the moſt,
With deathleſs fame, their everlaſting boaſt:

For

* A Daniſh dog of the duke of Argyll.

For fame no cully makes ſo much her jeſt,
As her old conſtant ſpark, the bard profeſt.
" Boyle ſhines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,
" Pelham 's magnificent; but I can write,
" And what to my great ſoul like glory dear?"
Till ſome god whiſpers in his tingling ear,
That *fame* 's unwholeſome taken without *meat*,
And life is beſt ſuſtain'd by what is *eat*:
Grown *lean*, and *wiſe*, he curſes what he writ,
And wiſhes all his wants were in his *wit*.
Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner* 's loſt,
That his triumphant name adorns a *poſt*?
Or that his ſhining page (provoking fate!)
Defends Sirloins, which ſons of dulneſs *eat*?
What foe to verſe without compaſſion hears,
What cruel *proſe-man* can refrain from tears,
When the poor Muſe, for leſs than half a crown,
A *proſtitute* on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, though *not* in print,
Clubs *credit* for Geneva in the Mint?
Ye bards! why will you ſing, though uninſpir'd?
Ye bards! why will you *ſtarve*, to be *admir'd*?
Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redreſs,
Why will your *ſpectres* haunt the frighted preſs?
Bad metre, that *excreſcence* of the head,
Like *hair*, will ſprout, although the poet 's *dead*.
All other trades *demand*, verſe-makers *beg*;
A dedication is a *wooden leg*;
A barren Labeo, the true *mumper's* faſhion,
Expoſes *borrow'd brats* to move *compaſſion*.

Though ſuch myſelf, vile bards I diſcommend;
Nay more, though gentle Damon is my *friend.*
" Is 't then a crime to *write?*"—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forbear:*
For ſome, though few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unſeen the labours of the pen;
Who know the Muſe's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her ſupport;
Who ſerve, *unaſk'd,* the *leaſt pretence* to wit;
My ſole excuſe, alas! for having writ.
Argyll true wit is ſtudious to reſtore;
And Dorſet ſmiles, if Phœbus ſmil'd before;
Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a Muſe inſpires.
But, ah! not *inſpiration* can obtain
That fame, which poets languiſh for in vain.
How mad their aim, who thirſt for glory, ſtrive
To graſp, what no man can poſſeſs *alive!*
Fame 's a *reverſion* in which men take place
(O late reverſion!) at their own deceaſe.
This truth ſagacious Lintot knows ſo well,
He *ſtarves* his authors, that their works may *ſell.*
That *fame* is *wealth,* fantaſtic poets cry;
That *wealth* is *fame,* another clan reply;
Who know no guilt, no ſcandal, but in *rags;*
And *ſwell* in juſt proportion to their *bags.*
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold;*
The firſt young lord, which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the verieſt huncks in Lombard-ſtreet,

From

:ued candles' ends, who rais'd a ſum,
'es, to join a *penny* to a *plumb*.
'ſs miſer! 'Tis a guilt unknown
:r times, a ſcandal *all* our own.
ent lovers, the true modern band
tgage Celia to redeem their *land*.
young, noble, rich, Caſtalio dies;
t the fair, love ſwells into his eyes.
lonimia, thy fond fears lay down;
:an prevail—but *half a crown*.
ries to late times to be convey'd,
he poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*:
ambition his great fathers fir'd,
urry conquer'd, and half France expir'd:
a ſlave, a pimp, a dog, for gain:
ull ſheriff for his *golden chain*.
) 'd be a ſlave?" the gallant Colonel cries,
'e of glory ſparkles from his eyes:
leſs fame he loudly pleads his right—
: title—for he will not *fight*:
:rs *valour*, all divines have *grace*,
; of honour *beauty*—by their *place*:
n indulging on the laſt campaign,
terms climb o'er the hills of ſlain;
the foes he ſlew, at each vain word,
revenge, and *half abſolves* his ſword.
ſling more than of a *bomb* afraid,
ſhould be modeſt as a *maid*:
a bubble the reſerv'd enjoy;
'e to graſp it, as they *touch*, *deſtroy*:

confounds my reader, and
Such is the Prince's worth,
The Roman would not blush

SATIRE V.

ON

WOMEN.

" O faireſt of creation! laſt and beſt
" Of all God's works! Creature in whom excell'd,
" Whatever can to ſight, or thought, be form'd
" Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
" How art thou loſt!"— MILTON.

NOR reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own:
But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*:
Attend, and you diſcern it in the fair
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *ſigh*.
The ſex we honour, though their faults we blame;
Nay, thank their faults for ſuch a *fruitful* theme:
A theme, fair ——! doubly kind to me,
Since ſatirizing *thoſe* is praiſing *thee*;
Who wouldſt not bear, too modeſtly refin'd,
A panegyric of a groſſer kind.
Britannia's daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of admiration, loſe their price;

Wells, Bedlams, Executions, Si
And Fortune-tellers Caves, and
Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells
Inſtallments, Pillories, Coronatic
Tumblers, and Funerals, Puppet
Sales, Races, Rabbets, (and, ſtil

Clarinda's boſom burns, but b
And Love lies vanquiſh'd in a *nol*
Warm gleams of hope ſhe, *now*,
Like April ſuns, dives into cloud
With all her luſtre, *now*, her lov
Then, out of *oſtentation*, hides her
'Tis, next, her pleaſure ſweetly t
And to be taken with a ſudden pa
Then, ſhe ſtarts up, all ecſtaſy an
And is, ſweet ſoul! juſt as ſincere
O how ſhe rolls her charming eyes
And looks delightfully with all he

.ds the *pſalms* and *chapters* for the day,
Cleopatra, or the laſt new play.
gloomy Zara, with a ſolemn grace,
es mankind, and *hides* behind her *face.*
far beneath her in *renown*, is ſhe,
hrough good-breeding is ill company;
manners will not let her larum ceaſe,
hinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace*;
l you *news*, who racks her ſubtle head,
ows—"that her great-grandfather is dead."
arth of words a *woman* need not fear;
a taſk indeed to learn—*to hear*:
the ſkill of converſation lies;
ews, or *makes*, you both polite and wiſe.
ippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought can ſay
ſt in ſilence, and reſign the day;
let the guilty wife her guilt confeſs,
ame behaviour, and a ſoft addreſs!"
gh *virtue*, *ſhe* refuſes to comply
ll the dictates of *humanity*;
gh wiſdom, *ſhe* refuſes to ſubmit
dom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;
her unblemiſh'd honour to maintain,
her huſband's kindneſs with diſdain:
by chance, an ill-adapted word
rom the lip of her unwary lord,
ling china, in a whirlwind ſent,
mates the lady's diſcontent.
may indeed excite the meekeſt dame;
n Xantippe, ſcorning *borrow'd* flame,

ner eternal
Is 't not enough plagues, wars,
To laſh our crimes, but muſt ou
Famine, plague, war, and an u
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man b
What *black*, what *ceaſeleſs* cares l
What ſtrokes we feel from *fancy*,
If fate forbears us, fancy ſtrikes t
We *make* misfortune; *ſuicides* in
Superfluous aid! unneceſſary ſkill
Is *nature* backward to torment, or
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *mid*
(That iron tongue of death!) witl
On *Folly's* errands as we vainly roa
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our t
Men drop ſo faſt, ere life's mid ſta
Few know ſo many friends *alive*,
Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill cl
We preſs coy Fortune with

A tender ſmile, our ſorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempeſt, the ſad ſailor's calm.
How have I ſeen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, perſuaſion in her eye;
Victorious tenderneſs! it all o'ercame,
Huſbands look'd mild, and *ſavages* grew tame.
The *Sylvan* race our active nymphs purſue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There *Maſter* Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair *Miſs* Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rathly tempts the barbarous ſun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And volt from *hunters* to the *manag'd ſteed*;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert has the forming of the *Fair*.
More than *one* ſteed muſt Delia's empire feel,
Who ſits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
And as ſhe guides it through th' admiring throng,
With what an air ſhe ſmacks the *ſilken* thong!
Graceful as John, ſhe moderates the reins,
And whiſtles ſweet her *diuretic* ſtrains:
Seſoſtris like, ſuch charioteers as *theſe*
May drive ſix harneſs'd *monarchs*, if they pleaſe:
They *drive*, *row*, *run*, with love of glory ſmit,
Leap, *ſwim*, *ſhoot flying*, and pronounce on *wit*.
O'er the Belle-lettres lovely Daphne reigns;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs toſs'd high, on her ſophee ſhe ſits,
Vouchſafing audience to contending wits:

Of

Of each performance ſhe 's the final teſt;
One act read o'er, ſhe propheſies the reſt;
And then, pronouncing with deciſive air,
Fully convinces all the town—*ſhe 's fair.*
Had lovely Daphne Hecateſſa's face,
How would her elegance of taſte decreaſe!
Some ladies' *judgment* in their *features* lies,
And all their *genius* ſparkles from their *eyes.*
But hold, ſhe cries, lampooner! have a care;
Muſt I want common ſenſe, becauſe I 'm fair?
O no: ſee Stella; her *eyes* ſhine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She ſeems inſpir'd, and can herſelf inſpire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publiſh, and could ſhe forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to *ſenſe,*
Nor is 't a ſanction for *impertinence.*
Sempronia lik'd her man; and well ſhe might;
The youth in perſon, and in parts, was bright;
Poſſeſs'd of every virtue, grace, and art,
That claims juſt empire o'er the female heart:
He met her paſſion, all her ſighs return'd,
And, in full rage of youthful ardour, burn'd:
Large his poſſeſſions, and beyond her own;
Their bliſs the theme and envy of the town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In ſtepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diſeas'd, *threeſcore.*
The fatal ſequel I, through ſhame, forbear:
Of pride and *avarice* who can cure the fair?

Man's

Man 's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Thoſe few wants anſwer'd, bring ſincere delights;
But fools create themſelves new appetites:
Fancy and pride ſeek things at vaſt expence,
Which reliſh not to *reaſon*, nor to *ſenſe*.
When *ſurfeit*, or *unthankfulneſs*, deſtroys,
In *nature's* narrow ſphere, our ſolid joys,
In *fancy's* airy land of noiſe and ſhow,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleaſures grow;
Like cats in air-pumps, to ſubſiſt we ſtrive
On joys too thin to keep the ſoul alive.
Lemira 's ſick; make haſte; the doctor call:
He comes; but where 's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor ſtares; her woman curt'ſies low,
And cries, "My Lady, Sir, is always ſo:
"Diverſions put her maladies to flight;
"True, ſhe can't *ſtand*, but ſhe can *dance* all night:
"I 've known my Lady (for ſhe loves a tune)
"For *fevers* take an opera in June:
"And, though perhaps you 'll think the practice bold,
"A midnight Park is ſovereign for a *cold:*
"With *colics*, breakfaſts of green fruit agree;
"With *indigeſtions*, ſupper juſt at three."
A ſtrange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Muſt women have a *doctor*, or a *dance?*
Though ſick to death, *abroad* they ſafely
But droop and die, in perfect health, *at*
For want—but not of health, are ladies
And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's bill.*

... father, or the
" Late ſitting-up has turn'
Why went ſhe not to bed?
Did ſhe then dance, or play?
Well night ſoon ſteals awa
" No, all alone, her *prayer*
" Than be that *wretch* to ſ
Then Lady Cynthia, miſtre
Goes, with the *faſhionable* o
This her *pride* covets, this h
Her ſoul is ſilly, but her bod
Others, with curious arts,
And triumph in the bloom of
You, in the morning, a *fair*
To keep her word, a *brown* o
Next day ſhe ſhines in gloſſy *bl*
Revolves into her native *red* ag
Like a dove's neck, ſhe ſhifts h
And is her own dear rival in

deck the female cheek, HE only knows,
10 paints leſs fair the *lily* and the *roſe*.
low gay *they* ſmile! Such bleſſings *nature* pours,
rſtock'd mankind enjoy but half her ſtores:
liſtant wilds, by human eyes unſeen,
rears her flowers, and ſpreads her velvet green:
e gurgling rills the lonely deſart trace,
d *waſte* their muſic on the ſavage race.
ature then a niggard of her bliſs?
›ine we *guiltleſs* in a world like this?
t our lewd taſtes her lawful charms refuſe,
d painted *art's* deprav'd allurements chuſe.
:h Fulvia's paſſion for the town; freſh air
n odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
:en fields, and ſhady groves, and cryſtal ſprings,
d larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
t ſmoke, and duſt, and noiſe, and crowds, delight;
ıd to be preſs'd to death, tranſports her quite:
here ſilver rivulets play through flowery meads,
ıd *woodbines* give their ſweets, and *limes* their ſhades,
ıck kennels' abſent *odours* ſhe regrets,
ıd ſtops her noſe at beds of violets.
[s ſtormy life preferr'd to the ſerene?
is the public to the private ſcene?
'ir'd, we tread a ſmooth and open way;
ırough briars and bramhles in the *world* we ſtray;
ff oppoſition, and *perplex'd* debate,
ıd *thorny* care, and *rank* and *ſtinging* hate,
hich choak our paſſage, our career controul,
ıd wound the firmeſt temper of our ſoul.

O ſacred

O ſacred ſolitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
By thy pure ſtream, or in thy waving ſhade,
We court fair Wiſdom, that celeſtial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*:
There, from the ways of men laid ſafe aſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant tempeſt roar;
There, bleſs'd with health, with buſineſs unperplex'd,
This life we reliſh, and enſure the *next*;
There too the Muſes ſport; theſe numbers free,
Pierian Eaſtbury! I owe to thee.

There ſport the Muſes; but not there alone:
Their ſacred force Amelia feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herſelf, Amelia weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are ſaid to ceaſe,
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth ſun a warm diſpute aroſe,
On Durfey's poeſy, and Bunyan's proſe:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phœbe, though ſhe poſſeſſes nothing leſs,
Is proud of being rich in happineſs:
Laboriouſly purſues deluſive toys;
Content with pains, ſince they 're reputed joys.
With what well-acted tranſport will ſhe ſay,
"Well, ſure, we were ſo happy *yeſterday!*
"And then that charming party for *to-morrow!*"
Though, well ſhe knows, 'twill languiſh into ſorrow:

But

lares never boaſt the *preſent* hour;
that cheat, it is beyond her power:
is or our weakneſs, or our curſe,
· ſuch our crime, which ſtill is worſe,
:nt moment, like a wife, we ſhun,
:r enjoy, becauſe it is *our own.*
:es are few, and fewer we enjoy;
like *quickſilver*, is *bright*, and *coy*;
: to graſp it with our utmoſt ſkill,
udes us, and it glitters ſtill:
ıt laſt, compute your mighty gains;
it, but rank poiſon in your veins?
.via in her glaſs an angel ſpies,
ſpers in her ear pernicious lyes;
, while ſhe ſurveys a face ſo fine,
ıo ſatiety of charms divine:
her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
er, and ſhe melts (ſweet ſoul!) in tears:
l and young, laſt week, her wiſh enjoy'd,
ıuſement all the night employ'd;
ıing came, when Strephon, waking, found
ıg ſight!) his bride in ſorrow drown'd.
miracle, ſays Strephon, makes thee weep?
.rbarous man", ſhe cries, " how could you—
ep?"
ve a *miſtreſs*, as they love a *feaſt*;
eful one to *touch*, and one to *taſte!*
:here is a certain time of day,
our miſtreſs, and our meat, away:

But

There is indeed a paſſion mor
For thoſe few nymphs whoſe char
But not of that unfaſhionable ſe
Is Phyllis; Phyllis and her Dam
Eternal Love exactly hits her taſ
Phyllis demands eternal love at *A*
Embracing Phyllis with ſoft-ſmil
Eternal Love I vow, the ſwain re
But ſay, my *All*, my *Miſtreſs*, an
What day next week th' *Eternity*

Some nymphs prefer *aſtronomy* t
Elope from mortal man, and rang
The fair philoſopher to Rowley fli
Where, in a *box*, the whole creati
She ſees the planets in their turns a
And ſcorns, Poitier, thy ſublunary
Of Deſaguliers ſhe beſpeaks freſh ai
And Whiſton has *engagements* with
What vain experiments Sa[illegible]

To ——— turn; ſhe never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right.
She ſtrikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled Learning blunders far behind,
Graceful to ſight, and elegant to thought,
The *great* are vanquiſh'd, and the *wiſe* are taught.
Her breeding finiſh'd, and her temper ſweet,
When ſerious, eaſy; and when gay, diſcreet;
In glittering ſcenes, o'er her own heart, ſevere;
In crouds, collected; and in courts, ſincere;
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well-underſtood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet, not ſuperior to her ſex's cares,
The mode ſhe fixes by the gown ſhe wears;
Of *ſilks* and *china* ſhe 's the laſt appeal;
In theſe great points ſhe *leads* the commonweal;
And if diſputes of *empire* riſe between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkneſs! till ſuſpended fate
Aſſumes *her* nod, to cloſe the grand debate.
When ſuch her mind, why will the fair expreſs
Their emulation only in their *dreſs?*
But oh! the nymph that mounts above the *ſkies*,
And, *gratis*, clears religious myſteries,
Reſolv'd the *church's* welfare to enſure,
And make her family a *fine-cure:*
The theme divine at *cards* ſhe 'll not forget,
But *takes* in texts of Scripture at *picquet*;
In thoſe licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her *cards* are good.

Iſaac, a brother of the cantin
When he has knock'd at his owr
To beauteous Marcia often will
With a dark text, to light it at t
O how his pious ſoul exults to fi
Such love for *holy* men in woman
Charm'd with her learning, with
Hangs on her *bloom*, like an indu
Hums round about her, and with
Extracts ſweet wiſdom from ſo fai
The *young* and *gay* declining, *
At nobler game, the *mighty* and t
By nature more an *eagle* than a *do*
She impiouſly prefers the *world* to
Can wealth give happineſs? lool
What gay diſtreſs! what ſplendid
Whatever fortune laviſhly can pou
The mind annihilates, and calls fo
Wealth

, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
ms us *now*; *anon* we caſt anew;
ıe freſh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd:
ved not acres, but a noble mind.
ıken lovers, who make *worth* their care,
ıink accompliſhments will win the fair:
ir, 'tis true, by *genius* ſhould be won,
vers unfold their beauties to the *ſun*;
:t in female ſcales a fop out-weighs,
it muſt wear the *willow* and the *bays*.
t ſhines ſo bright in vain Liberia's eye
:, impudence, and perfidy;
uth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
ill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
n, as yet unhang'd, ſhe ſpreads her charms,
es the dear deſtroyer to her arms;
mply gives (though treated long amiſs)
an of merit his revenge in *this*.
reſent, and wiſh a *woman* ill,
rn her o'er one moment to her *will*.
languid lady next appears in ſtate,
was not born to carry her own weight;
ls, reels, ſtaggers, till ſome foreign aid
: own ſtature lifts the feeble maid.
if ordain'd to ſo *ſevere* a doom,
y juſt ſtages, *journeys* round the room:
:nowing her own weakneſs, ſhe deſpairs
ıle the Alps—that is, aſcend the *ſtairs*.
ı! let others ſay, who laugh at toil;
hood! glove! ſcarf! is her *laconic* ſtile;

And help! oh help! her ſp
One hand ſcarce lifts the otl
If, there, a ſtubborn pin it t
She pants! ſhe ſinks away!
Let the robuſt and the gigant
Life is not worth ſo much, ſh
But chew ſhe muſt herſelf; al
That Roſalinda can't by *prox*

An *antidote* in female capri
(Kind heaven!) againſt the *po*

Thaleſtris triumphs in a ma
Loud is her accent, and her ph
In fair and open dealing where
What nature dares to *give*, ſhe
This *boneſt fellow* is ſincere an
And juſtly gives the jealous hu
(Vain is the taſk to petticoats a
If wanton language ſhews a *na*
And [illegible]

But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dreſs*, ſhe 's not a grenadier.
If thunder 's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deputes a lady in his ſtead?
A *lady!* pardon my miſtaken pen,
A ſhameleſs woman is the worſt of *men*.
Few to good-breeding make a juſt pretence;
Good-breeding is the bloſſom of good-ſenſe;
The laſt reſult of an accompliſh'd mind,
With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
With Chineſe painters modern *toaſts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity:*
They *throw* their perſons with a hoyden air
Acroſs the room, and *toſs* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modeſt look, the caſtigated grace,
The gentle movement, and ſlow-meaſur'd pace,
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pay'd*,
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worſe intrude,
Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D——'s ſelf will be polite.
Ye riſing fair! ye bloom of Britain's iſle!
When high-born Anna, with a ſoften'd ſmile,
Leads on your train, and ſparkles at your head,
What ſeems moſt hard, is, not to be well-bred.

...ince we mistake our aut
'Tis greatly wise to know,
The melancholy news, th
Autumnal Lycé carries in
Memento mori to each pub
O how your beating breaſt
Who looks through ſpecta
While rival *undertakers* ho
And with his ſpade the *ſex*
Intent not on her own, but
She plans new conqueſts, a
In vain the cock has ſumm
She walks at noon, and bla
Gay rainbow ſilks her mellc
And nought of Lycé but *be*
Her grizzled locks aſſume a
And art has *level'd* her deep
Her ſtrange demand no mort
We 'll aſk her *bleſſing*, but a

and that *only*, can old age ſuſtain;
yet all wiſh, nor know they wiſh for *pain*.
merous are our joys, when life is new;
early ſome are falling of the *few*;
ien we conquer life's meridian ſtage,
ownward tend into the vale of age,
lrop *apace*; by *nature* ſome decay,
›me the blaſts of *fortune* ſweep away;
aked quite of happineſs, aloud
ll for death, and *ſhelter* in a ſhroud.
's Portia now?—But Portia left behind
›vely copies of her form and mind.
heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
luſhing roſe-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?
nto ſhelter takes their tender bloom,
›rms their minds to flee from ills to come?
ind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
at the mercy of the wind and tide;
ınd *paſſion* toſs it to and fro;
le torment, and then quite *ſink* in woe.
uteous orphans, ſince in ſilent duſt
›eſt *example* lies, my *precepts* truſt.
'arms with ills; the *boldeſt* are afraid;
: then is ſafety for a *tender maid?*
'or conflict, round beſet with woes,
an, whom leaſt ſhe fears, her worſt of foes!
kind, moſt cruel; when oblig'd the moſt,
aſt obliging; and by favours loſt.
by nature, they for kindneſs hate;
:orn you for thoſe ills *themſelves* create.

Arts on the mind, like *paint* u
Fright him, that 's worth you
brace
In *ſimple* manners all the ſecret
Be kind and virtuous, you 'll b
Vain *ſhew* and *noiſe* intoxicate t
Begin with *giddineſs*, and end i
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle*
Which, all thoſe wretches I deſ
Your ſex's glory 'tis, to ſhine *un*
Of all applauſe, be fondeſt of *y*
Beware the fever of the *mind!* t
With which, the age is eminently
To drink of *pleaſure*, but inflam
And abſtinence alone can quench
Take *pain* from life, and *terror*
Give peace *in hand*; and promiſe

SATIRE VI.

ON

WOMEN.

INSCRIBED TO

: Right Hon. the Lady ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

: Interdum tamen & tollit comœdia vocem."

HOR.

SOUGHT a patroneſs, but ſought in vain.
Apollo whiſper'd in my ear—" Germain."—
now her not.—" Your reaſon's ſomewhat odd;
Vho knows his patron, now?" reply'd the god.
Ien write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
hen ſteal great names, to ſhield them from the town.
)etected *worth*, like *beauty* diſarray'd,
o covert flies, of *praiſe* itſelf afraid:
ihould *ſhe* refuſe to patronize your lays,
n vengeance write a volume in *her praiſe*.
lor think it hard ſo great a length to run;
Vhen ſuch the theme, 'twill eaſily be done."
'e fair! to draw your excellence at length,
:eeds the narrow bounds of human ſtrength;
u, *here*, in miniature your picture ſee;
: hope from Zinck more juſtice than from me.

My

She decently, *in form*, pays he
And makes a civil viſit to her
Her lifted fan, to give a ſolem
Conceals her face, which *paſſes*
Curt'ſies to curt'ſies, then, wit
Not one the fair omits, but at t
Or if ſhe joins the Service, 'ti
Through dreadful *ſilence* the per
Untaught to bear it, women *tal*
To God himſelf, and fondly th
But *ſweet* their accent, and th
For they 're before their Maker
When ladies once are proud of
Satan himſelf will toll the pari

Acquainted with the world, a
Druſa receives her viſitants in be
But, chaſte as ice, this Veſta, t
The very blackeſt tongue of cal
When from the ſ[illegible]

a modern fair, meridian merit
e thing, they call a *nymph of ſpirit*.
ell the rollings of her flaming eye;
d on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
you take a lion by the beard *,
re defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
m'd rhinoceros, or rough Ruſſian bear,"
e your will, and then *converſe* with her.
y glories in profuſe expence;
nks *diſtraction* is *magnificence*.
ar her gallant, is *ſome* delight;
ore fatal ſtill, is *exquiſite*;
nymph ſuch reaſon to be glad?
ell two lovers; one run *mad*.
their honeſt execrations pour;
rs only ſhould *deteſt* her more.
is conſtant to her old gallant,
eroufly ſupports him in his want.
riage is a fetter, is a ſnare,
no lady ſo polite can bear.
ithful, ſhe 's obſervant, and with pains
l-brood of *baſtards* ſhe maintains.
advantage has the fair to plead,
of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.
a hates a prude, and ſcorns reſtraint;
r ſhe *is*, ſhe 'll not *appear* a ſaint:
ſuperior flies formality;
er air, her conduct is ſo free,

Some

* Shakeſpeare.

At once engag'd in *prayer* and *cha*
And *this*, to do her juſtice, muſt b
" Who would not think that Abr
Some ladies are too beauteous to
For where 's the man that 's worthy
If no diſeaſe reduce her pride befor
Lavinia will be raviſh'd at threeſcor
Then ſhe ſubmits to venture in the
And nothing now is wanting—but
Lucia thinks happineſs conſiſts i
She weds an *idiot*, but ſhe eats in *p*
The goods of fortune, which her
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happi
The rude *material*: *wiſdom* add to
Wiſdom, the ſole *artificer* of bliſs;
She from herſelf, if ſo compell'd by
Of *thin content* can draw the ſubtle
But (no detraction to her ſacred ſki
If ſhe can work in *gold*, 'tis better a

ſkill ſhe vibrates her eternal tongue,
'er moſt *divinely* in the *wrong*.
:ed in nothing ſhould a woman be;
:il her very *wit* with *modeſty*:
an *diſcover*, let not her *diſplay*,
ield her *charms of mind* with ſweet delay.
pleaſure form'd, perverſely ſome believe,
ake themſelves *important*, men muſt *grieve*.
the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
ds, the fop ſhe laughs at, is ador'd.
n ſhe 's *proud* of ſecret innocence;
act ſhe feigns were ſcarce a worſe offence.
a, endow'd with every charm to bleſs,
o deſign, but on her huſband's *peace*:
r'd her much; and greatly was he mov'd
all inquietudes in her he lov'd.
v charming this!"—The pleaſure laſted long;
very day the fits come thick and ſtrong:
t he found the charmer only *feign'd*;
vas diverted when he *ſhould* be pain'd.
greater vengeance have the gods in ſtore?
edious life, now ſhe can *plague* no more!
ies a thouſand arts; but none ſucceed:
forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*:
ſtrictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
uſband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.
cious Melania riſes to my view,
never thinks her lover pays his due:
preſent, treat, flatter, and adore;
ajeſty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.

His

His *mirth* is an inexpiable ſin:
For of all *rivals* that can pain
There 's *one*, that wounds far
To wreck her quiet, the moſt d
Is if her lover dares enjoy himſ

And this, becauſe ſhe 's exqu
Should I diſpute her beauty, ho
How would Melania be ſurpriz'
She 's quite deform'd? And yet
What 's female beauty, but an
Through which the mind's all-g
They, like the ſun, irradiate all
The body *charms* becauſe the ſou
Hence, men are often captives of
They know not why, of no pecu
Some forms, though bright, no
Some, none *reſiſt* though not exc

Arpaſia 's highly born, and ni
Of taſte refin'd in life and

acy 's ſhock'd where-e'er ſhe goes;
ture's imperfections are her *woes*.
y its favour has the fair diſtreſt,
r'd ſuch bleſſings—that ſhe *can't* be bleſt.
/hy ſo vain, though blooming in thy ſpring?
ing, frail, ador'd, and *wretched* thing;
will come; diſeaſe *may* come before;
full as mortal as *threeſcore*.
ıne, and thy charms, may ſoon decay:
t theſe *fugitives* prolong their ſtay,
is totters, their foundation ſhakes;
t ſupports them, in a moment breaks;
ought into the ſoul let virtues ſhine;
nd eternal, as the *work* divine.
; a manager; ſhe 's born for rule;
ws her *wiſer* huſband is a *fool*;
:s holds, and ſpins the *ſubtle thread*
des the lover to his fair-one's bed:
ult amours can ſmooth the way,
ler letters *dictate*, or *convey*.
lepriv'd of ſuch important cares,
ɔm condeſcends to leſs affairs.
wn breakfaſt ſhe 'll *project a ſcheme*,
her *tea* without a *ſtratagem*;
'er *trifles* with a *ſerious* face;
t, by the virtue of *grimace*.
preme among amuſements reign;
: born to *ſooth*, and *entertain*.
idence in a ſhare of folly lies:
l they be ſo *weak*, as to be *wiſe*?

Syrena

... ... s right, the 's
Brunetta 's wiſe in actio
But ſcorns on *trifles* to beſt
Thus every hour Brunetta
Becauſe th' occaſion is bene
Think nought a *trifle*, thou
Small ſands the mountain, n
And trifles life. Your care
Or you may die, before you
Go breakfaſt with Alicia,
Simplex munditiis, to the laſt
Unlac'd her ſtays, her night-g
And what ſhe has of head-dre
She draws her words, and wa
Unwaſh'd her hands, and mu
A nail uncut, and head uncor
And would draw on jack-boo
Gloves by Queen Beſs's maide
Her bleſſed eyes ne'er ſaw a f-
T

were made to give our eyes delight;
'e ſloven is an odious ſight.
ſabella is ſo fond of *fame*,
r *dear ſelf* is her eternal theme;
h hopes of contradiction, oft ſhe 'll ſay,
inks I look ſo wretchedly to-day!"
noſt the world applauds you, moſt beware;
:n leſs a *bleſſing* than a *ſnare*.
mankind; with your own *heart* confer;
:ad even *there* to find a flatterer.
:ath of *others* raiſes our renown;
n as ſurely blows the pageant down.
no more than you by worth can claim,
n you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.
wn I muſt, in this perverted age,
oft *deſerve*, can't always moſt *engage*.
worth from making glory ſure,
hinders what it *ſhould* procure.
praiſe we *moſt*? The virtuous, brave, and wiſe?
etches, whom, in ſecret, we deſpiſe.
o ſo blind, as not to ſee the cauſe?
s rais'd by ſuch *diſcreet* applauſe;
, of credit it lays in a ſtore,
h our ſpleen may wound *true* worth the more.
s there are who think *one* crime is *all*:
men, then, no way but *backward* fall?
t is *that one* crime they don't purſue,
its loſs, they think *all* others *few*.
ld *that* crime ſo dear, muſt never claim
'd *modeſty* the ſacred name.

" What pity 'tis her ſho
" Aſpaſia's ſhape indeed-
" The man has parts wh
" Almeria's wit has ſome
" And wit 's enough—ho
" Selina ſerves her friends,
" Who was it ſaid Selina '
" At Lucia's match I from
" The world congratulates
" His lordſhip's rent-roll is
" But mortgages will ſap th
" In Shirley's form might cl
" But then—ſhe has a *freckle*
Without a *but*, Hortenſia ſhe c
The firſt of women, and the b
Owns her in perſon, wit, fame
But how comes this to paſs?—
Thus nymphs commend, wh
Indeed

You ſeek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, ſeek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reaſon uncontroul'd,
For ever burns her ſacred thirſt of gold.
As fond of five-pence, as the verieſt *cit*;
And quite as much deteſted as a *wit*.

Can gold calm *paſſion*, or make *reaſon* ſhine?
Can we dig *peace*, or *wiſdom*, from the mine?
Wiſdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much leſs
To make our *fortune*, than our *happineſs*.
That happineſs which great-ones often ſee,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree;
Themſelves unbleſt. The poor are *only* poor;
But what are they who *droop* amid their ſtore?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch *of ſtate*;
The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
Peaſants enjoy like appetites with kings;
And thoſe beſt ſatisfied with cheapeſt things.
Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *ſenſe*,
Our envy would be due to large expence.
Since not, thoſe pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languiſh! oh ſupport them with a *lye!*
A *decent competence* we fully taſte;
It ſtrikes our *ſenſe*, and gives a conſtant feaſt:
More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;
The rich muſt *labour* to poſſeſs *their own*.
To feel their great abundance; and requeſt
Their humble friends to *help* them to be bleſt;

To *ſee* their treaſures, *bear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.
But ſome, great ſouls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *ſhine*.
All *hoarded* treaſures they repute a load;
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well beſtow'd.
Grand *reſervoirs* of public happineſs,
Through *ſecret* ſtreams diffuſively they bleſs;
And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
Relieve our *wants*, and *ſpare* our *bluſhes* too.
But Satire is my taſk; and theſe deſtroy
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
Help me, ye miſers! help me to complain,
And blaſt our common enemy, Germain:
But our *invectives* muſt deſpair ſucceſs;
For, next to *praiſe*, ſhe values nothing leſs.
What picture's yonder, looſen'd from its frame?
Or is 't Aſturia, that affected dame?
The brighteſt forms, through *affectation*, fade
To ſtrange *new* things, which *nature* never made.
Frown not, ye fair! ſo much your ſex we prize,
We hate thoſe *arts* that take you from our eyes.
In Albucinda's native grace is ſeen
What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with eaſe,
Retain your gentle ſelves, and you *muſt* pleaſe.
Here might I ſing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the ſoft machine:

How

How two red lips affected Zephyrs blow,
To cool the Bohea, and inflame the Beau:
While one white *finger* and a *thumb* conſpire
To lift the *cup*, and make the world admire.
Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal ſtream!
As Lethe, dreadful to the *Love of Fame*.
What devaſtations on thy banks are ſeen!
What *ſhades* of mighty names which *once* have been!
An *becatomb* of characters ſupplies
Thy painted altars daily ſacrifice.
H——, P——, B——, aſpers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of fineſt ſugars melt away,
And recommend the more to mortal taſte;
Scandal 's the ſweetner of a *female* feaſt.
But this inhuman triumph ſhall decline,
And thy revolting Naiads call for *wine*;
Spirits no longer ſhall ſerve *under* thee;
But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea!*
Citronia's noſe declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give Citronia's noſe the lye?
The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;
At length, to reſcue man, the generous laſs
Stole from her conſort the pernicious glaſs.
As glorious as the Britiſh queen renown'd,
Who ſuck'd the poiſon from her huſband's wound.
Nor to the *glaſs* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.
O Juvenal! for thy ſeverer rage!
To laſh the ranker follies of our age.

...ned me ſtalks o'er Law an
Our matrons lead ſuch exemp
Men ſigh in vain for *none* but
Who *marry* to be *free*, to rang
And wed one man, to wanton
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis
And one eternal tempeſt of deb
What foul eruptions, from a lo
What thunders burſting, from
Their *paſſions* bear it with a loft
But then, their *reaſon* is at due c
Is there whom you deteſt, and fe
Truſt no ſoul with the ſecret—bu
Wives wonder that their conduct
And aſk, what kindred is a *ſpouſ*

What ſwarms of amorous *gra*
And miſſes, *antient* in iniquity!
What blaſting whiſpers, and what
What lying, drinki...

Such diſſolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.
Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dreſs'd *belle*
Shines in the pew, but ſmiles to hear of *bell*;
And caſts an eye of ſweet diſdain on all,
Who liſten leſs to Collins than St. Paul.
Atheiſts have been but rare; ſince nature's birth,
Till now, She-atheiſts ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep reſearches, ſay, whence ſprings
This daring character, in timorous things?
Who ſtart at *feathers*, from an *inſect* fly,
A match for nothing—but the *Deity*.
But, not to wrong the fair, the Muſe muſt own
In this purſuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more ſubſtantial view,
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."
They ſtrive with their own hearts, and keep them down,
In complaiſance to all the fools in town.
O how they tremble at the name of *prude!*
And die with ſhame at thought of being *good!*
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, ſay?
They heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a ſlave;
Through cowardice, moſt execrably brave.
With our own judgments durſt we to comply,
In virtue ſhould we live, in glory die.
Riſe then, my Muſe, in honeſt fury riſe;
They dread a Satire, who defy the Skies.
Atheiſts are few: moſt nymphs a Godhead own;
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.

From atheiſts far, they ſtedfaſtly believe
God is, and is Almighty—to *forgive*.
His other excellence they 'll not diſpute;
But *mercy*, ſure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleaſures of a ſhort duration chain
A *lady's* ſoul in everlaſting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms deſtroy,
For now and then a *ſip* of tranſient joy?
No, he 's for ever in a ſmiling mood;
He 's like themſelves; or how could he be good?
And they blaſpheme, who blacker ſchemes ſuppoſe
Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depoſe,
The *pure!* the *juſt!* and ſet up, in his ſtead,
A deity, that 's perfectly *well-bred*.
" Dear Tillotſon! be ſure the beſt of men;
" Nor thought he more, than thought great Origen
" Though once upon a time he miſbehav'd;
" Poor Satan! doubtleſs, he 'll at length be ſav'd.
" Let prieſts do ſomething for their One in Ten;
" It is their *trade*; ſo far they 're honeſt men.
" Let them cant on, ſince they have got the knack
" And dreſs their notions, like themſelves, in *black*
" Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,
" From joys of this, to keep them all their *own*.
" Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
" But then they leave our *untith'd virtue* free.
" *Virtue 's a pretty thing to make a ſhow:*
" Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucault?"
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologiſt,
And, pleading, ſafely enters on his liſt.

gel-forms angelic truths maintain;
isjoins the *beauteous* and *prophane*.
t 's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face*?
iade *viſible* in outward grace?
n, that 's haunted with an impious mind,
e ſhe *charms*, the more ſhe *ſhocks* mankind.
iarms decline: the Fair long vigils keep:
ep no more! Quadrille has * murder'd ſleep.
K—p! cries Livia; I have not been there
two nights; the poor creature will deſpair.
a croud—but to do good, you know—
people of condition ſhould beſtow."
'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run;
a daughter, and now *ſtake* a ſon;
th, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
ggar half their race—through *charity*.
ortal were we, or elſe mortal *quite*,
ould blame this criminal delight:
e the gay aſſembly's gayeſt room-
n upper ſtory to ſome tomb,
es, we need not our *ſhort* being ſhun,
bought to fly, *contend* to be undone.
d not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
ve *eternity* to murder *time*.
love of gaming is the worſt of ills;
eaſeleſs ſtorms the blacken'd ſoul it fills;
s at heaven, neglects the ties of blood;
s the power and will of doing good;

Kills

* Shakeſpeare.

That rattles loud a ſmall enc
Which, loud as thunder, on
And as fierce ſtorms, which
From Æolus's cave impetuou
From this ſmall cavern a mix'
Fear, rage, convulſion, tears,
For men, I mean—the fair di
She (guiltleſs creature!) ſwear
See her eyes ſtart! cheeks glow
Like the mad maid in the Cum
Thus that divine one her *ſôft* ni
Thus tunes her ſoul to tender
And when the cruel morning ca
And on her pillow lays her akin
With the dear images her dream
The *die* ſpins lovely, or the *cara*
Imaginary ruin charms her ſtill;
Her happy lord is cuckol'd by

rawn ſword? and whence that diſmal cry?
iſtraction through the family?
threaten, and my lady weep,
ing ſervants from the tempeſt creep.
ıy *ſon* to diſtant regions ſent?
: that *daughter's* deſtin'd match prevent?
ıole houſe in ſudden ruin laid?
but laſt night—my lady *play'd.*
ers not my Satire from her theme?
wing to the love of *fame?*
v your hearts on *lucre* are beſtow'd,
vain-devotion to the *mode*;
: *here*, ſince 'tis a vice ſo ſtrong;
ſweeps all womankind along.
: ſaid, in honour of our times,
ıow ſtand *diſtinguiſh'd* by their crimes.
muſt, take nature for your guide:
ne ſoft excuſe to ſooth your pride:
ates from love's antient power!
raviſh, but a *golden ſhower?*
one your glowing fancy ſeize;
learn to *punt*, ere he can *pleaſe?*
·e enamour'd of a *lift* or *caſt*,
e *preacher* more, to make us *chaſte?*
rong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?
› woman diſengag'd—from play.
e *marry'd?*—O ſeverer fate!
·om play no diſengag'd—*eſtate.*
vers falſe, *untouch'd*, and *hard*,
and trembles at a *cruel* card.

Nor

Ye gods! with *new* deligl
Or give us *ſons*, and ſave u
Sons, brothers, fathers,
In my complaint, and bran
Yet I believe, as firmly as
In ſpite of all our wiſdom,
Our pride ſo great, our paſ
Advice to *right* confirms us
I hear you cry, "This fellc
When *you* chaſtiſe, who wou
But I 've a charm your ange
And turn your eyes with col
The charm begins! To yo
That burſts o'er gloomy Brita
What guardian power o'erwhe
Her deeds are precepts, her e
'Midſt empire's charms, how
Glows with the love of *virtue*
Her favour is di[illegible]

Thus * the majeſtic mother of mankind,
To her own charms moſt amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently ſtood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the cryſtal flood;
Survey'd the ſtranger in the painted wave,
And, ſmiling, prais'd the beauties which ſhe gave.

* Milton.

SATIRE

SATIRE VII.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

" Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipſe, canemus."
VIRG.

ON this laſt labour, this my cloſing ſtrain,
Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inſpire in vain:
To *thee*, 'tis due; that verſe how juſtly thine,
Where Brunſwick's glory crowns the whole deſign?
That glory, which thy counſels make ſo bright;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illuſtrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To *give*, and *take*, a luſtre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *ſtream*.
How all mankind will be ſurpriz'd, to ſee
This flood of Britiſh folly charg'd on thee!
Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy ſons,
Which through their various ranks with fury runs?
The cauſe is plain, a cauſe which we muſt bleſs;
For caprice is the daughter of *ſucceſs*,
(A bad effect, but from a pleaſing cauſe!)
And gives our rulers undeſign'd applauſe;
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increaſe,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.

le I ſurvey the bleſſings of our iſle,
irts triumphant in the royal ſmile,
ublic *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
commerce ſpreading ſails in every ſky,
pleaſing ſcene recalls my theme again,
ſhews the madneſs of ambitious men,
, fond of bloodſhed, draw the murdering ſword,
burn to give mankind a ſingle lord.
ie follies paſt are of a private kind;
r ſphere is ſmall; their miſchief is confin'd:
daring men there are (Awake, my Muſe,
raiſe thy verſe!) who bolder phrenzy chuſe;
, ſtung by glory, rave, and bound away;
world their field, and *humankind* their prey.
ie Grecian chief, th' enthuſiaſt of his *pride*,
i rage and terror ſtalking by his ſide,
s round the globe; he ſoars into a God!
d faſt, Olympus! and ſuſtain his nod.
peſt divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
thrives on mankind's miſeries and pains.
t ſlaughter'd *hoſts!* what *cities* in a blaze!
t waſted *countries!* and what crimſon *ſeas!*
i orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
cries of kingdoms lull him to repoſe.
id cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraiſe
boiſterous boy, and blaſt his guilty bays?
want we then encomiums on the *ſtorm*,
mine, or *volcano?* They perform
r mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can ſlay,
ſpread their ample deſarts in a day.

O great

... takes a
War's glorious art, and gives i
When, after battle, I the fi
Spread o'er with ghaſtly ſhapes,
A *nation* cruſh'd, a nation of
A realm of death! and on thi
Are there, ſaid I, who from t
This *human chaos*, carry ſmile
How did my heart with indigna
How honeſt nature ſwell'd into
How was I ſhock'd to think the
Of ſuch materials, *fame* and *tr*
How guilty theſe! Yet not le
Who reach falſe glory by a ſmo
Who wrap deſtruction up in ge
And bows, and ſmiles, more fa
Who ſtifle *nature*, and ſubſiſt o
Who coin the *face*, and petrify
All real kindneſs for the ſhew o

Or, if they ſerve you, ſerve you diſinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindneſs, are unkind.
Such *courtiers* were, and ſuch again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.
Here ceaſe, my Muſe! the *catalogue* is writ;
Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,
Though diſappointed thouſands juſtly blame
Thy partial pen, and boaſt an equal claim:
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furniſh laughter for another year.
Then let Criſpino, who was ne'er refus'd
The *juſtice* yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait; and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in ſome future ſtrain.
Some future ſtrain, in which the Muſe ſhall tell
How *ſcience* dwindles, and how *volumes* ſwell.
How commentators each *dark* paſſage ſhun,
And hold their farthing candle to the *ſun*.
How tortur'd texts to ſpeak our ſenſe are made,
And every vice is to the Scripture laid.
How miſers ſqueeze a young voluptuous peer;
His ſins to Lucifer not half ſo dear.
How Verſus is leſs qualify'd to ſteal
With ſword and piſtol, than with wax and ſeal.
How lawyers fees to ſuch exceſs are run,
That clients are redreſs'd till they 're undone.
How one man's anguiſh is another's ſport;
And ev'n denials coſt us dear at court.
How man eternally falſe judgments makes,
And all his joys and ſorrows are *miſtakes*.

The Muſe has ſung; be now t
Since ſo diffuſive, and ſo wide
What is this power, whom all
Shot from above, by heaven'
This generous ardor, this unco
To warm, to raiſe, to deify, m
Still burning brighteſt in the nc
By large-ſoul'd men, for thirſt
Wiſe *laws* were fram'd, and fa
Deſire of praiſe firſt broke the *p*
And made a bulwark of the *w*
It bids Argyll in fields and fen
What more can prove its origin
But, oh! this paſſion planted
On eagle's wings to mount her t
The flaming miniſter of *virtue*
Set up falſe gods, and wrong'd
Ambition, hence, exerts a de

Purſuit of fame with pedants fills our ſchools,
And into *coxcombs* burniſhes our *fools*;
Purſuit of fame makes ſolid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height;
That key of nature, by whoſe wit ſhe clears
Her long, long ſecrets of five thouſand years.
Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what *degrees*, pride ſways the ſoul?
(For, though in all not equally, ſhe reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my ſtrains.
Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I diſcloſe,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dulleſt proſe;
As if a letter'd dunce had ſaid, "'Tis right,"
And *imprimatur* uſher'd it to light.
Ambition, in the *truly noble mind*,
With Siſter-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From *guilt* and *ſhame*, by her laſt conduct, fled:
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm diſdain,
And the ſword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the ſlave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her ſide, her *Love of Fame* obey'd.
In *meaner minds* ambition works alone;
But with ſuch art puts virtue's aſpect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien,
The God and mortal in the comic ſcene *.
Falſe Julius, ambuſh'd in this fair diſguiſe,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

* Amphitryon.

No maſk in *baſeſt minds* ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her aſs's ears:
All I have ſung are inſtances of *this*,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiſs.
Ye *vain!* deſiſt from your erroneous ſtrife;
Be wiſe, and quit the *falſe* ſublime of life.
The *true* ambition there alone reſides,
Where *juſtice* vindicates, and *wiſdom* guides;
Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* ſtate;
Our *purpoſe* good, as our *atchievement* great;
Where public *bleſſings* public *praiſe* attend;
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.
Would'ſt thou be *fam'd?* Have thoſe high deeds in v
Brave men would act, though *ſcandal* ſhould enſue
Behold a Prince! whom no ſwoln thoughts infla
No pride of thrones, no fever after *Fame*:
But when the welfare of mankind inſpires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conqueſts then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, ſparkle in his ſight;
Tumult and *noiſe* are dear, which with them bring
His people's bleſſings to their ardent king:
But, when thoſe great heroic motives ceaſe,
His ſwelling ſoul ſubſides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A *ſudden* foe to ſplendor and applauſe;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly ſhout his name.
O pride celeſtial! which can pride diſdain;
O bleſt ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.

From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the ſky,
In whoſe deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burſt the Rhone and ſounding Po; there ſhine,
In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich ſtore one fruitful urn ſupplies,
Whole kingdoms ſmile, a thouſand harveſts riſe.
In Brunſwick ſuch a ſource the Muſe adores,
Which public bleſſings through half Europe pours.
When his heart burns with ſuch a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George, who in foes can ſoft affections raiſe,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praiſe.
Nor *human* rage alone his power perceives,
But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves* *.
Ev'n ſtorms (death's fierceſt miniſters!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to ſpare.
Thus, *nature's ſelf*, ſupporting *man's* decree,
Stiles Britain's ſovereign, ſovereign of the *ſea*.
While *ſea* and *air*, great Brunſwick! ſhook our ſtate,
And ſported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what ſhe lov'd, and preſs'd by fear
Of *ever* loſing what ſhe held moſt dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles, weep,
And tell her ſorrows to the *kindred deep!*
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for Thee, with the ſurge, and fight the ſtorm!
What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm!
Our Palinurus ſlept not at the helm;

* The king in danger by ſea.

His own, which *nature* and the *g*
At will, to raiſe, or huſh, the *cit*

OCEAN;

AN ODE.

OCCASIONED BY

HIS MAJESTY's ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT

OF

THE SEA SERVICE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ODE TO THE KING;

AND

A DISCOURSE ON ODE.

I THINK Myſelf obliged to recommend to you a conſideration of the greateſt importance; and I ſhould look upon it as a great happineſs, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could ſee the foundation laid of ſo great and neceſſary a work, as the increaſe and encouragement of our ſeamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the ſervice of their country, as oft as occaſion ſhall require it: A conſideration worthy the repreſentatives of a people great and flouriſhing in trade and navigation. This leads Me to mention to you the caſe of Greenwich Hoſpital, that care may be taken, by ſome addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable proviſion for the ſupport and maintenance of our ſeamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the ſervice of their country. [Speech, Jan. 27, 1727-8.]

TO

THE KING.

I.

OLD Ocean's praiſe
Demands my lays;
A truly-Britiſh theme I ſing;
A theme ſo great,
I dare compleat,
And join with Ocean, Ocean's King.

II.

To Gods and Kings,
The poet ſings;
To Kings and Gods the Muſe is dear;
The Muſe inſpires
With all her fires;
Begin, my ſoul! thy bold career.

III.

From awful ſtate,
From high debate,
From morning-ſplendors of a crown,
From homage pay'd,
From empires weigh'd,
From plans of bleſſings and renown;

IV. Great

To rival Greek and Roman f

V.

The Roman Ode
Majeſtic flow'd ;
Its ſtream divinely clear and ſ
In ſenſe, and ſound,
Thebes roll'd profound
The torrent roar'd, and foan

VI.

Let Thebes, nor Rome,
So fam'd, preſume
To triumph o'er a Northern
Late Time ſhall know
The North can glow,
If dread Auguſtus deign to

VII.

The work is done!

VIII.

The Naval crown
Is all his own!
Our Fleet, if war or commerce call,
His will performs
Through waves and ſtorms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

IX.

Since then the main
Sublimes my ſtrain,
To whom ſhould I addreſs my ſong?
To whom but Thee?
The boundleſs *Sea*,
And grateful Muſe, to George belong.

X.

Hail, mighty theme!
Rich mine of fame!
If Gods invok'd extend their aid;
Hail ſubject new!
As Britain's due
Reſerv'd by the Pierian maid.

XI.

Durſt Homer's Muſe,
Or Pindar's, chuſe
To pour the billows on his ſtring?
No, both defraud
The tuneful God;
Scarce more ſublime, when Jove they ſing.

XII. No

XIII.

Now low, now hig
My fingers fly,
Now pauſe, and now fre
Now dance, now cre
Now dive, now ſwee
And fetch the ſound from

XIV.

Now numbers riſe,
Like virgin's ſighs;
The ſoft Favonians melt a
As from the North
Now ruſhes forth
A blaſt, that thunders in n

XV.

My lays I file
With curious toil.

XVI.

How muſic charms!
How metre warms!
Parent of actions good and brave!
How vice it tames!
And worth inflames!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

XVII.

Jove mark'd for man
A ſcanty ſpan,
But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit ſcorns the grave;
To wit he gave
The life of Gods! immortal bloom!

XVIII.

Since years will fly,
And pleaſures die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since, while life laſts,
Joy ſuffers blaſts
From frowning fate, and fickle chance;

XIX.

Nor life is long;
But ſoon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, death's pallid ſhore;
We make, at leaſt,
Of *bad* the *beſt*,
If in life's phantom, Fame, we ſoar.

XX. Our

And ſhare the bleſ

X

What hero's f
Can fire my la
Like his, with who
" Juſtice ſince
" And courag
" Riſe the two colu

XX

" How form'd
" Who look, o
" They read the Mo
" Their love an
" Supply the la
" And his own luſtre

XXI

" But ſhines ſup
" Wh[illegible]

XXIV.

Our factions end!
The nations bend!
For when Britannia's ſons, combin'd
In fair array,
All march one way;
They march the terror of mankind.

XXV.

If equal all
Who tread the ball,
Our bounded proſpect, *here*, would end;
But heroes prove
As ſteps to Jove,
By which our thoughts, with eaſe, aſcend.

XXVI.

From what we view
We take the clue,
Which leads from great, to greater things;
Men doubt no more,
But Gods adore,
When ſuch reſemblance ſhines in Kings.

XXVII.

On yonder height,
What golden light
Triumphant ſhines, and ſhines *alone?*
Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the ſun, 'tis Britain's throne.

XXVIII. Our

His blooming honours f

XXIX.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an am
While intereſt wing
Bold foreign Kings
To fly, like eagles, to h

XXX.

At his proud foot
The Sea pour'd out,
Immortal nouriſhment fu
Thence wealth, and
And power, and—F
Which Europe reads in G

ON LYRIC POETRY.

[OW imperfect ſoever my own compoſition may be, yet am I willing to ſpeak a word or two, of nature of Lyric Poetry; to ſhew that I have, at t, ſome idea of perfection in that kind of poem in ch I am engaged; and that I do not think myſelf t enough entirely to rely on inſpiration for my ſuc- in it.

To our having, or not having this idea of perfec- in the poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the it or demerit of our performances, as alſo the leſty or vanity of our opinions concerning them. l in ſpeaking of it I ſhall ſhew how it unavoidably es to paſs, that *bad* Poets, that is, Poets in general, ſteemed, and really *are*, the moſt vain, the moſt ble, and moſt ridiculous ſet of men upon earth. Poetry in its own nature is certainly

— Non hos quæſitum munus in uſus." VIRG.

that has an idea of perfection in the work he akes *may* fail in it; he that has not, *muſt:* and will be *vain*. For every little degree of beauty, hort or improper ſoever, will be looked on by him; becauſe it is all pure gains, and more promiſed to himſelf; and becauſe he has no ſtandard in his judgement, with which to his opinion of it.

ally flows that great ſenſibility of d
reſentment, that tinder of the m
every ſpark, and juſtly marks them
irritabile" among mankind. An
buſtible temper, this ſerious anger
things, things looked on by moſt a
portant points of life, as conſeq
inheritance of ridicule, which devc
generation to generation. As ſoon
thors, they become like Ben Jonſo
learn the art of quarrel.

" —Concordes animæ—dum nocte
" Heu! quantum inter ſe bellum,
" Attigerint, quantas acies, ſtrage
" Qui Juvenes! quantas oſtentant,
" Ne, Pueri! ne tanta animis aſſue
" Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qu
" Syderio flagrans clypeo, & cœleſ

But to return. He that *has* this idea of perfection in the work he undertakes, however ſucceſsful he is, will yet be *modeſt*; becauſe to riſe up to that idea, which he propoſed for his model, is almoſt, if not abſolutely, impoſſible.

Theſe two obſervations account for what may ſeem as ſtrange, as it is infallibly true; I mean, they ſhew us why good writers have the loweſt, and bad writers the higheſt, opinion of their own performances. They who have only a *partial* idea of this perfection, as their portion of ignorance or knowledge of it is greater or leſs, have proportionable degrees of modeſty or conceit.

Nor, though natural good underſtanding makes a tolerably juſt judgment in things of this nature, will the reader judge the worſe, for forming to himſelf a notion of what he ought to expect from the piece he has in hand, before he begins his peruſal of it.

The Ode, as it is the eldeſt kind of Poetry, ſo it is more ſpiritous, and more remote from Proſe than any other, in ſenſe, ſound, expreſſion, and conduct. Its thoughts ſhould be uncommon, ſublime, and moral; its numbers full, eaſy, and moſt harmonious; its expreſſion pure, ſtrong, delicate, yet unaffected; and of a *curious felicity* beyond other Poems; its conduct ſhould be rapturous, ſomewhat abrupt, and immethodical to a vulgar eye. That apparent order, and connexion, which gives form and life to *ſome* compoſitions, takes away the very ſoul of *this*. Fire, elevation, and ſelect thought, are indiſpenſable; an hum-

It is the genuine character, an
Ode, a little to ſtartle ſome appr
cold complexions are very apt to
vigour in their imaginations, for a
their judgments; and, like perſons
they look on bright objects, in thei
too glaring; what is moſt delightfu
is painful to them. Thus Pindar,
logic at the bottom as Ariſtotle or
critics has appeared as mad; and m
who enjoy no portion of his own div
underſtandings, meaſuring others by
are apt to think they ſee a monſter
man.

And indeed it ſeems to be the ame
makes to thoſe whom ſhe has not ble
tion of mind, to indulge them in
miſtake, that all is wrong, which fa

nce only, can proceed the faireſt offspring of the
ı mind.

then in Ode, there is this difference from other
of Poetry; that, there, the imagination, like a
:autiful miſtreſs, is indulged in the appearance
ıineering; though the judgement, like an artful
in reality carries its point; and the leſs it is
ed of it, it ſhews the more maſterly conduct,
ſerves the greater commendation.

ɔlds true in this province of writing, as in war,
: more danger, the more honour." It muſt be
ıterprizing; it muſt, in Shakeſpeare's ſtyle, have
·eadth 'ſcapes; and often tread the very brink of
nor can it ever deſerve the applauſe of the *real*
unleſs it renders itſelf obnoxious to the miſap-
ſions of the *contrary*.

ı is Caſimire's ſtrain among the moderns, whoſe
wit, and happy fire, is an honour to them. And
nan might juſtly be much admired, if any thing
than the ſweetneſs of his numbers, and the
of his diction, were his own: his original, from
I have taken my motto, through all the diſad-
es of a Northern proſe tranſlation, is ſtill admi-
and, Cowley ſays, as preferable in beauty to
nan, as Judæa is to Scotland.

lar, Anacreon, Sappho, and Horace, are the great
s of Lyric poetry among Heathen writers.
's Muſe, like Sachariſſa, is a ſtately, imperi-
nd accompliſhed beauty; equally diſdaining the
art, and the fear of any rival; ſo intoxicating

tural, and delicate; all over flov
charms; inſpiring complacency, r
ſeems to have good-nature enough
which ſhe cannot *find*.

Sappho's Muſe, like Lady ——, is
and glowing; like oil ſet on fire,
warm, in exceſs. Sappho has lef
ments only; Time has ſwallowed
little which remains, like the ren
Cleopatra, after the other was diſſo
quet, may be eſteemed (as was that
ornament for the goddeſs of beauty h

Horace's Muſe (like one I ſhall
name) is correct, ſolid, and moral;
ſweetneſs and majeſty, all the ſenſe a
former, in the juſteſt proportions and
adding a felicity of dreſs entirely
moreover is diſtinguiſhable by this pa

; after all, to the honour of our own country
lt add, that I think Mr. Dryden's Ode on St.
a's Day inferior to no compoſition of this kind.
ief beauty conſiſts in adapting the numbers moſt
y to the variety of the occaſion. Thoſe by
he has choſen to expreſs Majeſty, (viz.)

Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

ıoſen in the following Ode, becauſe the ſubject
s great.

the more harmony likewiſe, I choſe the fre-
return of rhyme; which laid me under great
lties. But difficulties overcome give grace and
re. Nor can I account for the pleaſure of rhyme
ıeral (of which the moderns are too fond) but
his truth.

then the Writer muſt take care that the diffi-
is overcome. That is, he muſt make rhyme
ent with as perfect ſenſe, and expreſſion, as
be expected if he was free from that ſhackle.
wiſe, it gives neither grace to the work, nor
re to the reader, nor, conſequently, reputation
Poet.

ſum the whole: Ode ſhould be peculiar, but
rained; moral, but not flat; natural, but not
ıs; delicate, but not affected; noble, but not
ous; full, but not obſcure; fiery, but not mad;
but not loaded in its numbers, which ſhould
ſt harmonious, without the leaſt ſacrifice of ex-

preſſion, or of ſenſe. Above all, in this, as in every work of genius, ſomewhat of an original ſpirit ſhould be, at leaſt, attempted; otherwiſe the Poet, whoſe character diſclaims mediocrity, makes a ſecondary praiſe his ultimate ambition; which has ſomething of a contradiction in it. Originals only have true life, and differ as much from the beſt Imitations, as men from the moſt animated pictures of them. Nor is what I ſay at all inconſiſtent with a due deference for the great ſtandards of Antiquity; nay, that very deference is an argument for it, for doubtleſs their example is on my ſide in this matter. And we ſhould rather imitate their example in the general motives, and fundamental methods of their working, than in their works themſelves. This is a diſtinction, I think, not hitherto made, and a diſtinction of conſequence. For the firſt may make us their equals; the ſecond muſt pronounce us their inferiors even in our utmoſt ſucceſs. But the firſt of theſe prizes is not ſo readily taken by the moderns; as valuables too maſſy for eaſy carriage are not ſo liable to the thief.

The Antients had a particular regard to the choice of their ſubjects; which were generally national and great. My ſubject is, in its own nature, noble; moſt proper for an Engliſhman; never more proper than on this occaſion; and (what is ſtrange) hitherto unſung.

If I ſtand not abſolutely condemned by my own rules; if I have hit the ſpirit of Ode in general; if I cannot think with Mr. Cowley, that "Muſic alone, "ſometimes, makes an excellent Ode,"

"Verſus

" Verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ;"

here is any thought, enthuſiaſm, and picture, which as the body, ſoul, and robe of poetry; in a word, n any degree I have provided rather food for men, ı air for wits; I hope ſmaller faults will meet in-gence for the ſake of the deſign, which is the y of my Country and my King.

ınd indeed, this may be ſaid, in general, that great ects are above being nice; that dignity and ſpirit ſuffer from ſcrupulous exactneſs; and that the uter cares effeminate a compoſition. Great maſters Poetry, Painting, and Statuary, in their nobler ks, have even affected the contrary: and juſtly; a truly-maſculine air partakes more of the negli-t, than of the neat, both in writings, and in life—

' Grandis oratio haberet majeſtatis ſuæ pondus."

PETRON.

ı Poem, like a criminal, under too ſevere correc-, may loſe all its ſpirit, and expire. We know as Faber imus, that was ſuch an artiſt at a hair or il. And we know the cauſe was

" Quia ponere totum

" Neſcius." HOR.

o cloſe; If a piece of this nature wants an apo-, I muſt own; that thoſe who have ſtrength of d ſufficient profitably to devote the whole of their e to the *ſeverer* ſtudies, I deſpair of imitating, I only envy and admire. The mind is relieved ſtrengthened by variety; and he that ſometimes is ting with his pen, is only taking the moſt effectual means

) C E A N;

A N O D E.

)NCLUDING WITH A WISH.

,et the ſea make a noiſe, let the floods clap their
" hands." PSAL. xcviii.

I.

SWEET rural ſcene!
Of flocks and green!
At careleſs eaſe my limbs are ſpread;
All nature ſtill,
But yonder rill;
And liſtening pines nod o'er my head:

II.

In proſpect wide,
The boundleſs tide!
Waves ceaſe to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling ſeas
Dance on, in meaſure, to the ſhore.

III. Who

And Neptune thunders f

IV.

Where? where ar
Whom Pæan's ra
Has touch'd, and bid di
What, none aſpir
I ſnatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foa

V.

The wave reſound
The rock rebound
The Nereids to my ſong
I lead the choir,
And they conſpire
With voice and ſhell to li

VI.

They ſpread in air

VII.

Who love the ſhore,
Let thoſe adore
The God Apollo, and his Nine,
Parnaſſus' hill,
And Orpheus' ſkill;
But let Arion's harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign;
Her ſtrength, her glory, is her fleet;
The main! the main!
Be Briton's ſtrain;
As Triton's ſtrong, as Syren's ſweet.

IX.

Through nature wide,
Is nought deſcry'd
So rich in pleaſure, or ſurprize;
When all-ſerene,
How ſweet the ſcene!
How dreadful, when the billows riſe.

X.

And ſtorms deface
The fluid glaſs,
In which ere-while Britannia fair
Look'd down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjuſting her majeſtic air.

XI. When

Recumbent on their oozy

XII.

With what a tranc
The level glance,
Unbroken, ſhoots along th
Which tempt from
The painted oar;
And every canvas courts th

XIII.

When ruſhes forth
The frowning Nort
On blackening billows, wit
My ſhuddering ſoul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'

XIV.

With terror mark

XV.

Now, ſpins around
In whirls profound;
Now, whelm'd; now, pendant near the clouds;
Now, ſtunn'd, it reels
Midſt thunder's peals;
And, now, fierce lightning fires the ſhrouds.

XVI.

All æther burns!
Chaos returns!
And blends once more the ſeas and ſkies;
No ſpace between
Thy boſom green,
O Deep! and the blue concave, lies.

XVII.

The northern blaſt,
The ſhatter'd maſt,
The ſyrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking ſpout,
The ſtars gone out,
The boiling ſtreight, the monſters ſhock,

XVIII.

Let others fear;
To Britain dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
Thoſe terrors charm,
Which keep her warm
In chace of honeſt gain or fame.

XIX. The

Which ſome adore, and all adm

XX.

Are then the ſeas
Outſhone by theſe?
Bright Thetys! thou art not o
With kinder beams,
And ſofter gleams,
Thy boſom wears them as thy

XXI.

There, ſet in green,
Gold-ſtars are ſeen,
A mantle rich! thy charms t
And when the ſun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap

XXII.

Thoſe clouds, whoſe

XXIII.

The gaudy bow,
Whoſe colours glow,
ıoſe arch with ſo much ſkill is bent,
To Phœbus' ray
Which paints ſo gay,
thee the watery woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters ſleep,
ıat unknown treaſures pave the floor!
The pearl in rows
Pale luſtre throws;
ɜ wealth immenſe, which ſtorms devour.

XXV.

From Indian mines,
With proud deſigns,
ɜ merchant, ſwoln, digs golden ore.
The tempeſts riſe,
And ſeize the prize,
d toſs him breathleſs on the ſhore.

XXVI.

His ſon complains
In pious ſtrains
Ah! cruel thirſt of gold!" he cries;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
ɜ tears yet ſwelling in his eyes.

Theſe ſea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boiſterous ſeas,
The lap of eaſe
Receives our wounded and our ol
High domes aſcend!
Stretch'd arches bend!
Proud columns ſwell! wide gates

XXXVII.

So ſleeps the grain,
In foſtering rain,
And vital beams, till Jove deſcen
Then burſts the root!
The verdures ſhoot!
And earth enrich, adorn, defend

XXXVIII.

Here, ſoft-reclin'd

XXXIX.

In lengthen'd tales,
Our fleet prevails;
In tales the lenitives of age!
And, o'er the bowl,
They fire the ſoul
Of liſtening youth, to martial rage.

XL.

The ſtory done,
Their ſetting ſun,
Serenely ſmiling down the Weſt,
In ſoft decay,
They drop away;
And Honour leads them to their reſt.

XLI.

Unhappy they!
And falſely gay!
Who baſk for ever in ſucceſs;
A conſtant feaſt
Quite palls the taſte,
And long enjoyment is diſtreſs.

XLII.

What charms us moſt,
Our joy, our boaſt,
Familiar, loſes all its gloſs;
And gold refin'd
The ſated mind
Faſtidious turns to perfect droſs.

From bare repoſe!
We reap our pleaſure from your

XLIV.

Ye warlike ſlain!
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a watery winding ſhe
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glo

XLV.

What powerful charm
Can death diſarm?
Your long, your iron ſlumbers
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake! awake! awake!

XLVI.

Our joy ſo proud,

XLVII.

With ſpiral ſhell,
Full-blaſted, tell
That all your watery realms ſhould ring;
Your pearl-alcoves,
Your coral-groves,
Should echo theirs, and Britain's king.

XLVIII.

As long as ſtars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues pleaſe,
Or ſuns invite
The raviſh'd ſight,
The Britiſh flag ſhall ſweep the ſeas.

XLIX.

Peculiar both!
Our ſoil's ſtrong growth,
And our bold natives hardy mind;
Sure Heaven beſpoke
Our hearts, and oak,
To give a maſter to mankind.

L.

That nobleſt birth
Of teeming earth,
Of foreſts fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coaſts
Our grandeur boaſts,
And Britain's pleaſure ſpeaks aloud.

Pours in the boſom of ou

LII.

Hence, Britain lay
In ſcales, and weig
The fates of kingdoms an
And as ſhe frowns,
Or ſmiles, on crow
A night or day of glory ſp

LIII.

Thus Ocean ſwells
The ſtreams and rill
And to their borders lifts t
Or elſe withdraws
The mighty cauſe,
And leaves their famiſh'd cl

LIV.

How mixt, how frail

LV.

For who can gaze
On reſtleſs ſeas,
Unſtruck with life's more reſtleſs ſtate?
Where all are toſs'd,
And moſt are loſt
By tides of paſſion, blaſts of fate?

LVI.

The world 's the main,
How vext! how vain!
Ambition ſwells, and Anger foams;
May good men find,
Beneath the wind,
A noiſeleſs ſhore, unruffled homes!

LVII.

The public ſcene
Of harden'd men
Teach me, O teach me to deſpiſe!
The world few know
But to their woe,
Our crimes with our experience riſe;

LVIII.

All tender ſenſe
Is baniſh'd thence,
All maiden nature's firſt alarms;
What ſhock'd before
Diſguſts no more,
And what diſguſted has its charms.

LX.

Theſe ſcenes untry'd
Seduc'd my pride,
To Fortune's arrows bar'd my
Till Wiſdom came,
A hoary dame!
And told me pleaſure was in re

LXI.

" O may I ſteal
" Along the vale
" Of humble life, ſecure from
" My friend ſincere!
" My judgement clear!
" And gentle buſineſs my repo

LXII.

" My mind be ſtrong

LXIII.

" (When Fortune's kind)
" Acute to find,
And warm to reliſh every boon!
" And wiſe to ſtill
" Fantaſtic ill,
Whoſe frightful ſpectres ſtalk at noon!

LXIV.

" No fruitleſs toils!
" No brainleſs broils!
Each moment level'd at the mark!
" Our day ſo ſhort
" Invites to ſport;
Be ſad and ſolemn when 'tis dark.

LXV.

" Yet Prudence ſtill
" Rein thou my will!
What 's moſt important, make moſt dear!
" For 'tis in this,
" Reſides true bliſs;
True bliſs, a deity ſevere!

LXVI.

" When temper leans
" To gayer ſcenes,
And ſerious life void moments ſpares,
" The ſylvan chace
" My ſinews brace!
Or ſong unbend my mind from cares!

LXVII. " Nor

" The laughing god

LXVI

" Though ric

" More wit,

" More ſenſe, than v

" May I prov

" Fair Truth,

" My joy, the conve

LXIX

" The gloomy

" The broken

" To diſtant climes, y

" The nobly-ſc

" Their comme

" With words of truth

LXX.

" O glorious ai

LXXI.

" Prophetic ſchemes,
" And golden dreams,
" May I, unſanguine, caſt away!
" Have, what I have!
" And live, not leave,
" Enamour'd of the preſent day!

LXXII.

" My hours my own!
" My faults unknown!
" My chief revenue in content!
" Then, leave one beam
" Of honeſt fame!
" And ſcorn the labour'd monument!

LXXIII.

" Unhurt my urn!
" Till that great turn
" When mighty Nature's ſelf ſhall die.
" Time ceaſe to glide,
" With human pride,
" Sunk in the Ocean of Eternity."

A PARA-

A

A PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF

THE BOOK OF JOB.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THOMAS LORD PARKER, BARON OF MACCLESFIELD,

LORD HIGH-CHANCELLOR OF GREAT-BRITAIN, ETC. ETC.

MY LORD,

THOUGH I have not the honour of being known to your Lordſhip, I preſume to take a privilege which men of retirement are apt to think themſelves in poſſeſſion of, as being the only method they have of making their way to perſons of your Lordſhip's high ſtation without ſtruggling through multitudes for acceſs. I may poſſibly fail in my reſpect to your Lordſhip, even while I endeavour to ſhew it moſt; but if I err, it is becauſe I imagined I ought not to make my firſt approach to one of your Lordſhip's exalted character with leſs ceremony than that of a Dedication. It is annexed to the condition of eminent merit, not to ſuffer more from the malice of its enemies, than from the importunity of its admirers; and perhaps it would be unjuſt, that your Lordſhip ſhould hope to be exempted from the troubles, when you poſſeſs all the talents, of a patron.

I have here a fair occaſion to celebrate thoſe ſublime qualities, of which a whole nation is ſenſible, were it not inconſiſtent with the deſign of my preſent application. By the juſt diſcharge of your great employments, your Lordſhip may well deſerve the prayers

induced to make this addreſs to y
conſidering you rather in the amia
ſon diſtinguiſhed for a refined taſte
and the candour that uſually atten
dignity of your public character.

The greatneſs and ſolemnity of
of in the following Work cannot fa
to recommend it to a perſon who l
veneration thoſe ſacred books from
and would at the ſame time juſtify
choice of the great name prefixed
aſſured that the undertaking had r
hands. Thus much I think myſe
that if this little Performance had
dulgently ſpoken of by ſome, whoſ
verſally allowed in writings of this
dared to gratify my ambition in
Lordſhip: I am ſenſible that I am e

with Mr. P. Howard. in carcere. Feb. 12th 17

A PARAPHRASE ON PART OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

THRICE happy Job long liv'd in Regal State,
Nor ſaw the ſumptuous Eaſt a prince ſo great;
Whoſe worldly ſtores in ſuch abundance flow'd,
Whoſe heart with ſuch exalted virtue glow'd.
At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills ſucceed; a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The ſword wide-waſting, the reproachful tongue,
And ſpotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more!
A change ſo ſad what mortal here could bear?
Exhauſted woe had left him nought to fear;
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he preſt,
Wept in the duſt, and ſorely ſmote his breaſt.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
In anguiſh of their hearts their mantles rent,
And ſeven long days in ſolemn ſilence ſpent;
A debt of reverence to diſtreſs ſo great!
Then JOB contain'd no more; but curs'd his fate.

... felt and morta
Where counſellors are
(O happy turn!) no r
His words were dari
His conduct they repro
And now they kindled
And ſentiments oppos'd
Fix'd in opinion, both
And ſummon all their r
So high at length their a
They reach'd the laſt ext
A pauſe enſued.—When,
And awefully the long c
Full o'er their heads, wit
A ſudden whirlwind blac
(They ſaw, and trembled
A dreadful voice, and th
Who gives his tongue
Cenſures my ...

Who on its ſurface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner-ſtone? What hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and faſten'd it on air;
When the bright morning ſtars in concert ſung,
When heaven's high arch with loud hoſannahs rung,
When ſhouting ſons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the ſound?
Earth's numerous *kingdoms*, haſt Thou view'd them all?
And can thy ſpan of knowledge graſp the ball?
Who heav'd the *mountain*, which ſublimely ſtands,
And caſts its ſhadow into diſtant lands?

Who, ſtretching forth his ſceptre o'er the *deep*,
Can that wide world in due ſubjection keep?
I broke the globe, I ſcoop'd its hollow ſide,
And did a baſon for the floods provide;
I chain'd them with my word; the boiling ſea,
Work'd up in tempeſts, hears my great decree;
"Thus far, thy floating tide ſhall be convey'd;
"And here, O main, be thy proud billows ſtay'd."
Haſt Thou explor'd the *ſecrets* of the deep,
Where, ſhut from uſe, unnumber'd treaſures ſleep?
Where, down a thouſand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the ſea?
Thoſe gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?

Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to Thee?
Death's inmoſt chambers didſt Thou ever ſee?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal through th' incumbent ſhade?

wıth ripen'd wiſdom
Since nature was call'
And into Being roſe b
Are *miſts* begotten ?
From whom deſcend th
To bind the ſtream by
Or whiten morning with
Whoſe powerful breath,
Touches the ſea, and tu
A ſudden deſart ſpreads
And lays one half of the
Thou know'ſt Me not;
How vaſt a diſtance parts t
Canſt Thou in *whirlwinds*
In clouds and darkneſs wra
And, when day triumphs ir
Put forth thy hand, and ſha
Who launch'd the *cloud*
Suſpend

eck the ſhower, who lifts his hand on high,
ts the ſluices of th' exhauſted ſky,
irth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
ed mountains, and her ruſſet plains;
v in life, a chearful proſpect yields
ng rivers, and of verdant fields;
roves and foreſts laviſh all their bloom,
th and heaven are fill'd with rich perfume?
Thou e'er ſcal'd my wintry ſkies, and ſeen
and *ſnows* my northern magazine?
ie dread treaſures of mine anger are,
ls of vengeance for the day of war,
louds rain death, and ſtorms at my command
ough the world, or waſte a guilty land.
taught the rapid *winds* to fly ſo faſt,
:s the centre with his eaſtern blaſt?
)m the ſkies can a whole deluge pour?
ikes through nature with the ſolemn roar
lful *thunder*, points it where to fall,
fierce *lightning* wraps the flying ball?
vho trembles at the darted fires,
the ſound, and in the flaſh expires.
drew the *comet* out to ſuch a ſize,
ır'd his flaming train o'er half the ſkies?
y reſentment hang him out? Does he
1 the nations, and denounce, from Thee?
on low earth can moderate the rein,
ides the *ſtars* along th' ethereal plain?
their ſeaſons, and direct their courſe,
ıſtre brighten, and ſupply their force?

Mine is the *night*, with all her ſt
Myriads, and myriads I reſerve i
Doſt Thou pronounce where da
And draw the purple curtain of t
Awake the *ſun*, and bid him com
And glad *thy* world with his obſe
Haſt Thou, inthron'd in flaming
Triumphant round the ſpacious ri
That pomp of light, what hand ſ
That diſtant earth lies baſking in t
Who did the *ſoul* with her rich p
And light up reaſon in the human
To ſhine, with freſh increaſe of lu
When ſtars and ſun are ſet in endle
To theſe my various queſtions mak
Th' Almighty ſpoke; and, ſpeak
What then, Chaldæan Sire, was
Thus Thou, with trembling heart

arm meaſure with an arm divine?
Thou thunder with a voice like Mine;
ollow of thy hand contain
f waters, the wide-ſpreading main,
d with tempeſts, all the billows riſe
rage, and daſh the diſtant ſkies?
rth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
grandeur of thy power diſplay'd;
ıipotence, and, frowning, make
ıs round of the creation ſhake;
y vengeance, bid it overthrow
t vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
ıle them to duſt. When this is done,
ſafety lodg'd in Thee alone;
'hou art, and mayſt undaunted ſtand,
buckler of thine own right-hand.
n! the viſion of a moment made!
ı dream! and ſhadow of a ſhade!
ls haſt Thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd;
ts cheriſh'd, that thy God is blam'd?
'd with hunger, the wild Raven's brood
on God, importunate for food:
their cry, who grants their hoarſe requeſt,
he clamour of the craving neſt?
the ſtupid Oſtrich has ſubdued
care, and fond inquietude?
he flies, her ſcatter'd eggs are found,
ı owner, on the ſandy ground;
. fortune, they at mercy lie,
v life from an indulgent ſky:

Adopted

How rich the Peacock! wha
From plume to plume, and var
He proudly ſpreads them to the
Gives all his colours, and ador
With conſcious ſtate the ſpaciou
And ſlowly moves amid the wa

Who taught the Hawk to find
Perpetual ſummer, and a chang
When clouds deform the year, ſh
Shoots to the ſouth, nor fears th
The ſun returning, ſhe returns a
Lives in his beams, and leaves il

Though ſtrong the Hawk, thou
An Eagle drops her in a lower ſk
An Eagle, when, deſerting hum
She ſeeks the ſun in her unweary
Did thy command her yellow pini
So high in air, and ſet her on the

Know'ſt Thou how many moons, by Me aſſign'd,
oll o'er the mountain Goat, and foreſt Hind,
'hile pregnant they a mother's load ſuſtain?
hey bend in anguiſh, and caſt forth their pain.
ile are their young, from human frailties freed;
'alk unſuſtain'd, and unaſſiſted feed;
ıey live at once; forſake the dam's warm ſide;
ıke the wide world, with nature for their guide;
und o'er the lawn, or ſeek the diſtant glade;
ıd find a home in each delightful ſhade.
Will th' tall Reem, which knows no Lord but Me,
w at the crib, and aſk an alms of thee?
bmit his unworn ſhoulder to the yoke,
eak the ſtiff clod, and o'er thy furrow ſmoke?
ıce great his ſtrength, go truſt him, void of care;
y on his neck the toil of all the year;
l him bring home the ſeaſons to thy doors,
ıd caſt his load among thy gather'd ſtores.
Didſt thou from ſervice the Wild-Aſs diſcharge,
ıd break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
rough the wide waſte, his ample manſion, roam,
ıd loſe himſelf in his unbounded home?
nature's hand magnificently fed,
ı meal is on the range of mountains ſpread;
in pure air aloft he bounds along,
ſees in diſtant ſmoke the city throng;
ıſcious of freedom, ſcorns the ſmother'd train,
e threatening driver, and the ſervile rein.
urvey the warlike Horſe! didſt Thou inveſt
th thunder his robuſt diſtended cheſt?

burns to plun
And mocks at deat
And in a ſtorm of f
How does his firm,
Full on the brandiſh
While his fix'd eye-l
Gaze, and return the
He ſinks the ſenſe of
Nor feels the ſhaft tha
But neighs to the ſhril
Till death; and when l
But, fiercer ſtill, the
Grimly majeſtic in his l
When round he glares,
He clears the deſart with
Say, mortal, does he rou
And roar to Thee, and li
Doſt thou for him in forel
And to his gloomy

hrieks and dying groans the deſart fill;
rage, they rend; their ravenous jaws diſtil
crimſon foam; and, when the banquet's o'er,
ſtride away, and paint their ſteps with gore;
ht alone the ſhepherd puts his truſt,
hudders at the talon in the duſt.
d is my Behemoth, though large his frame;
h is his temper, and repreſt his flame,
unprovok'd. This native of the flood
his broad foot, and puts aſhore for food;
ſinks beneath him, as he moves along
ek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
ith what ſtrength his harden'd loins are bound,
ver proof and ſhut againſt a wound.
like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
an his complicated ſinews fail.
high and wide, his ſolid bones ſurpaſs
bars of ſteel; his ribs are ribs of braſs;
ort majeſtic and his armed jaw
the wide foreſt, and the mountain, law.
nountains feed him; there the beaſts admire
nighty ſtranger, and in dread retire,
ngth his greatneſs nearer they ſurvey,
e in his ſhadow, and his eye obey.
ens and marſhes are his cool retreat,
oontide ſhelter from the burning heat;
ſedgy boſoms his wide couch are made,
groves of willows give him all their ſhade.
eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with drought,
uſts to turn its current down his throat;

In

Will he become Thy ſe
Thy lordly nod, and tr
Or with his ſport amuſe
And, bound in ſilk, wit
Shall pompous banque
And the bowl journey ro
Or the debating merchant
And various limbs to vari
Through his firm ſkull wh
What forceful engine can
Fly far, and live; tempt no
The braveſt ſhrink to cowar
The raſheſt dare not rouſe h
Shall turn on Me, among t
Am I a debtor? Haſt the
Whence come the gifts that
My laviſh fruit a thouſand
And Mine the herds that
Feed

great in arms, e'er ſtripp'd his ſhining mail,
wn'd his triumph with a ſingle ſcale?
heart ſuſtains him to draw near? Behold,
ction yawns; his ſpacious jaws unfold,
marſhal'd round the wide expanſe, diſcloſe
edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
hideous fangs on either ſide ariſe!
hat a deep abyſs between them lies!
vith thy lance, and with thy plumbet ſound,
ıe how long, the other how profound.
lk is charg'd with ſuch a furious ſoul,
louds of ſmoke from his ſpread noſtrils roll,
m a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
ues from his jaws in ſtreams of fire.
ge of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas,
rror, this thy great Superior pleaſe;
h on his ample ſhoulder ſits in ſtate;
ll-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
kes of ſolid fleſh are ſlow to part;
l his nerves, as adamant his heart.
n, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
tretching forth his ſtature to the clouds,
s in the ſun aloft his ſcaly height,
ikes the diſtant hills with tranſient light,
ınd are fatal damps of terror ſpread,
ighty fear, nor bluſh to own their dread.
e is his front; and, when his burniſh'd eyes
ir broad lids, the morning ſeems to riſe.
ın may death in various ſhapes invade,
ift-wing'd arrow, the deſcending blade;

His

His paſtimes like a c
And blacken ocean wit
The billows feel him, a
His hoary footſteps ſhin
The foam high-wrought
And diſtant ſailors point
His *like* earth bears not
Alone in nature ſtands hi
For utter ignorance of fea
In wrath he rolls his balef
Makes every ſwoln, diſdai
And holds dominion o'er t
Then the Chaldæan eas
With full conviction of hi
" Thou canſt accompliſh
" And every thought is n
" But, oh! Thy ways are
" Beyond the deepeſt rea
" Of

NOTES ON THE PARAPHRASE.

Book of Job.] It is diſputed amongſt the critics who was the Author of the Book of Job; ſome give it to Moſes, ſome to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, ſome arguments occurred to me which favour the former of thoſe opinions; and becauſe I do not find them mentioned by any one elſe, I have flung them into the following notes, where little elſe is to be expected.

Ver. 1.] The Almighty's ſpeech, chapter xxxviii, &c. which is what I paraphraſe in this little work, is by much the fineſt part of the nobleſt and moſt antient Poem in the world. Biſhop Patrick ſays, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whiſper. In order to ſet this diſtinguiſhed part of the Poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and ſubſequent parts of the Poem, and joined them to it; ſo that this Piece is a ſort of an epitome of the whole Book of Job.

I uſe the word *paraphraſe*, becauſe I want another which might better anſwer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and tranſpoſed. The *mountain*, the *comet*, the *ſun*, and other parts, are entirely added: thoſe upon the *peacock*, the *lion*, &c. are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more ſuitable to our notions of regula-

...ews that they contribu
ſpeech of the Almighty
rogation ſeems, indeed,
incenſed. It differs fro
as bidding a perſon execu
mon execution; for he t
queſtion, makes him, i
himſelf.

Ver. 41.] The Book
be dramatic, and, like the
is fiction built on truth.
part of it, the Almighty ſ
wind (ſo ſuitable to the a
Stage, when there happened
is fictitious; but is a fict
time in which Job lived, tha
before the Law were the app
after this manner, Exod.
Hence is he ſaid

foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of "Let there "be light," &c. so much only, as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument, that Moses is author of the Book of Job.

Ver. 191.] Another argument that Moses was the author is, that most of the creatures here are Egyptian. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, because by her clamorous and importunate voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence κοράσσω, à κόραξ, Ælian. l. ii. c. 48. is "to ask earnestly." And since there were ravens on the bank of the Nile more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in that place.

Ver. 195.] There are many instances of this bird's stupidity: let two suffice. *First*, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight:

"Stat lumine clauso
"Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere
"Quæ non ipsa videt." CLAUD.

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them, draw the skin of an Ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain, that Heliogabulus had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may observe, that our judicious as well as sublime author just touches the great points of distinc-

Ver. 205.] Here
quality of this creature,
directly, but has a m
using its wings as sails,
" Vasta velut Libyæ
" Cum premitur, cali
" Inque modum veli
" Pulverulenta volat."
Ver. 206.] Xenoph
that could overtake the
none that could reach
golden ducats, or a hun
price of a horse that could
Ver. 207.] Though th
tioned in my author, I co
farther, and spreading th
are there shut up) in half a
stance I have marked of hi
sun is true: " Expandit

ſuppoſe the hawk, as well as the crow *abovementioned*, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

Ver. 227.] The eagle is ſaid to be of ſo acute a ſight, that, when ſhe is ſo high in air that man cannot ſee her, ſhe can diſcern the ſmalleſt fiſh under water. My author accurately underſtood the nature of the creatures he deſcribes, and ſeems to have been a Naturaliſt as well as a Poet, which the next note will confirm.

Ver. 231.] The meaning of this queſtion is. Knoweſt thou the *time* and *circumſtances* of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was eaſy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumſtances had ſomething peculiarly expreſſive of God's Providence, which makes the queſtion proper in this place. Pliny obſerves, that the hind with young is by inſtinct directed to a certain herb called Seſelis, which facilitates the birth. Thunder alſo (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the ſame effect. Pſ. xxix. In ſo early an age to obſerve theſe things, may ſtyle our author a Naturaliſt.

Ver. 259.] The deſcription of the horſe is the moſt celebrated of any in the poem. There is an excellent critique on it in the *Guardian*. I ſhall therefore only obſerve that in this deſcription, as in other parts of this ſpeech, our *vulgar tranſlation* has much more ſpirit than the Septuagint; it always takes the original in the moſt poetic and exalted ſenſe, ſo that moſt commentators, even on the Hebrew itſelf, fall beneath it.

Ver. 332.] " (
" anhelam
" Ferre fitim Pytho

" Qui ſpiris tegeret
" Flumina, &c."

Let not then this hy
eaſtern poet, though ſc
hard in this place for a
of it.

Ver. 323.] The tal
difficult. Diodorus ſays
by iron nets. When A
ſtruck a medal, the impr
chained to a palm-tree, w
" antea religavit."

Ver. 339.] This allud
creature, which is, when

Ver. 364.] This too is nearer truth than at firſt view may be imagined. The crocodile, ſay the naturaliſts, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repreſt is hot, and burſts out ſo violently, that it reſembles fire and ſmoke. The horſe ſuppreſſes not his breath by any means ſo long, neither is he ſo fierce and animated; yet the moſt correct of poets ventures to uſe the ſame metaphor concerning him:

"Collectumque premens volvit ſub naribus ignem."

By this and the foregoing note I would caution againſt a falſe opinion of the eaſtern boldneſs, from paſſages in them ill underſtood.

Ver. 377.] "His eyes are like the eye-lids "of the morning." I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would expreſs, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians ſtole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this paſſage, though no commentator, I have ſeen, mentions it. It is eaſy to conceive how the Egyptians ſhould be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moſes, whom I ſuppoſe the author of this poem.

I have obſerved already that three or four of the creatures here deſcribed are Egyptian; the two laſt are notoriouſly ſo, they are the river-horſe and the crocodile, thoſe celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on theſe two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moſes, in a catalogue of creatures pro-

being, as we may well ſup
terror of the Hippotamus ;
daily miſchiefs and ravages ;
countable why he ſhould per

MISCELLANIES.

On MICHAEL ANGELO's famous Piece of the CRUCIFIXION;

Who is ſaid to have ſtabbed a Perſon that he might draw it more naturally *.

WHILST his Redeemer on his canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltering lies:
The daring Artiſt, cruelly ſerene,
Views the pale cheek and the diſtorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines every ſpirit as it flies:
He ſtudies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouze up every pang repeats his blow;
Each riſing agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm tranſplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh glorious theft! oh nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught:
Such wondrous force the magic colours boaſt,
From his own ſkill he ſtarts in horror loſt.

* Though the report was propagated without the leaſt truth, it may be ſufficient ground to juſtify a poetical fancy's enlarging on it.

WHAT do we ſee! is Cat
A greater name in Brita
Does mankind now admire his v
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil,
How will poſterity this truth expl
" Cato begins to live in Anna's
The world's great chiefs, in coun
Riſe in your lines with more exal
Illuſtrious deeds in diſtant nation
And virtues by departed heroes t
Raiſe in your ſoul a pure immorta
Adorn your life, and conſecrate y
To your renown all ages you ſub
And Cæſar fought, and Cato ble

HISTORICAL EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS, A TRAGEDY.

AN *Epilogue*, through cuſtom, is your right,
But ne'er perhaps was *needful* till this night:
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies,
Guilt's dreadful cloſe our narrow ſcene denies.
In hiſtory's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' ſhade;
Vengeance ſo great, that when his tale is told,
With pity ſome ev'n Perſeus may behold.

Perſeus ſurviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaſeleſs cares in conqueſt made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome ſwift thunder flew,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For *this* night's deed his perjur'd boſom bled:
His brother's ghoſt each moment made him ſtart,
And all his father's anguiſh rent his heart.

When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early ſorrow wrung;
The younger ſmil'd, unconſcious of their woe;
At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow;
So ſad the ſcene! What then muſt Perſeus feel,
To ſee Jove's race attend the victor's wheel:

To

far, far from home, and in a
His pale cheek reſted on his ſha
No friend to mourn, no flatterer
No ſuit retards, no comfort ſoot
And not one tear bedews a mo
Nor ends it thus—dire vengeanc
His ancient empire falling ſhares
His throne forgot! His weeping
And nations aſk—where Alexan
As public woes a prince's crime
So public bleſſings are his virtue'
Shout, Britons, ſhout—auſpiciou
And cry, Long live—*Our title to*

EPITAPH

ON LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK*,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1740.

WHILST Britain boaſts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble ſhall compel the brave to weep;
s men, as Britons, and as ſoldiers, mourn;
'is dauntleſs, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
veet were his manners, as his ſoul was great,
nd ripe his worth, though immature his fate;
ich tender grace that joy and love inſpires,
ving, he mingled with his martial fires:
ying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar;
nd Spain ſtill felt him, when he breath'd no more.

* Lord Aubrey Beauclerk was the eighth ſon of e Duke of St. Alban's, who was one of the ſons of ing Charles the Second. He was born in the year 11; and, being regularly bred to the ſea ſervice, in 31 he was appointed to the command of his majeſty's ip the Ludlow Caſtle; and he commanded the Prince ederick at the attack of the harbour of Carthagena, larch 24, 1741. This young nobleman was one of e moſt promiſing Commanders in the king's ſervice. hen on the deſperate attack of the caſtle of Bocca hica, at the entrance of the ſaid harbour, he loſt his e, both his legs being firſt ſhot off. The proſe part the Inſcription on his Monument, was the produc- on of Mrs. Mary Jones of Oxford; who alſo wrote poem on his death, printed in her Miſcellanies, o. 1752. R.

IF fond of
Here lie
Of p
Of laml
My friend,
To whom I pay
For what def
An
Which shone through
Induſtrious
The leſſon and reproa
To lay thi
Is my a
While ot
The poliſh'd marb
Vain p
A turf o'er virtue

A LETTER TO MR. TICKELL.

OCCASIONED

BY THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq. 1719.

" —Tu nunc eris alter ab illo." VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
In ſocial arts and ſacred friendſhip join'd;
Fair Iſis' ſorrow, and fair Iſis' boaſt,
Loſt from her ſide, but fortunately loſt;
Thy wonted aid, my dear companion! bring,
And teach me thy departed friend to ſing:
A darling theme! once powerful to inſpire,
And now to melt, the Muſes' mournful choir:
Now, and now firſt, we freely dare commend
His modeſt worth, nor ſhall our praiſe offend.
Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And raviſh'd Iſis liſten'd to his ſtrain.
See, ſee, ſhe cry'd, old Maro's Muſe appears,
Wak'd from her ſlumber of two thouſand years:
Her finiſh'd charms to Addiſon ſhe brings,
Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers ſings.
All read tranſported his pure claſſic page;
Read, and forget their climate and their age.

Yet few, how few, with lofty th
With quickneſs pointed, and witl
In conſcious pride their own impo
Blind to themſelves, as the hard
Wit they eſteem a gay but worthl
The ſlight amuſement of a leiſure
Unmindful that, conceal'd from v
Majeſtic Wiſdom wears the brigh

Poor Dido fondled thus, with i
Dread Cupid, lurking in the Troj
Lightly ſhe toy'd and trifled with
And knew not that a god was in l

Who greateſt excellence of thou
In action, too, have been diſtingu
* This Sommers knew, and Addi
From the malignant regions of the
To be matur'd in more indulgent
Where all the vigour of the ſoul c
Through warmer veins where ſpri

With ſecret pain the prudent patriot gave,
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the ſtars reſign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in ſea and wind.

Auſonia ſoon receiv'd her wondering gueſt,
And equal wonder in her turn confeſs'd,
To ſee her fervours rival'd by the pole,
Her luſtre beaming from a northern ſoul:
In like ſurprize was her Æneas loſt,
To find his picture grace a foreign coaſt.

Now the wide field of Europe he ſurveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and conſummate thought;
Great work! by Naſſau's favour cheaply bought.

He now returns to Britain a ſupport,
Wiſe in her ſenate, graceful in her court;
And, when the public welfare would permit,
The ſource of learning, and the ſoul of wit.
O Warwick! (whom the Muſe is fond to name,
And kindles, conſcious of her future theme)
O Warwick! by divine contagion bright,
How early didſt thou catch his radiant light!
By him inſpir'd, how ſhine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!

On ſome warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
A roſe-bud opens to a ſummer's morn,
Full-blown ere noon her fragrant pride diſplays,
And ſhews th' abundance of her purple rays.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;
We now, ſurpriz'd, her fruitful branches ſee;

rind gathers from her ornament h
When looſe from public cares t
And fill'd the leiſure interval witl
The various labours of his eaſy p
A chance amuſement, poliſh'd hal
Beyond this truth old Bards could
Who durſt to frame a world by ac
What he has ſung, how early, :
The Thames ſhall boaſt, and Ron
A glory more ſublime remains in 1
Since ſuch his talents, that he ſung
No fuller proof of power th' Al
Making the ſea, than curbing her
Nought can the genius of his wo
But their fair purpoſe and importan
To rouze the war for injur'd Europ
To ſteel the patriot in great Brunſi
With virtue's charms to kindle ſacr
Or paint th' eternal [illegible]

:t me join, all other may excel,
w could a mortal eſſence think ſo well?"
why ſo large in the Great Writer's praiſe?
lofty ſubjects ſhould my numbers raiſe;
n (illuſtrious rivalry!) contend
tateſman, patriot, chriſtian, and the friend!
lory ſuch, it borders on diſgrace
y he ſung the beſt of human race.
joy once join'd, in ſorrow now for years,
:r in grief, and brother of my tears,
ll! accept this verſe, thy mournful due;
farther ſhalt the ſacred theme purſue;
as thy ſtrain deſcribes the matchleſs man,
ife ſhall ſecond what thy Muſe began.
gh ſweet the numbers, though a fire divine
:hrough the whole, and burn in every line,
ſtrives not for that excellence he draws,
n'd by fame, and ſuffers from applauſe.
: haſte to thy illuſtrious taſk; prepare
ioble work well truſted to thy care,
: gift bequeath'd by Addiſon's command,
raggs made ſacred by his dying hand.
:t the labours, join the various rays,
catter'd light in one united blaze;
bear to him ſo true, ſo truly lov'd,
: diſtinguiſh'd, and in death approv'd,
nmortal legacy. He hangs a-while
ierous anguiſh o'er the glorious pile;
anxious pleaſure the known page reviews,
:he dear pledge with falling tears bedews.

What

* The publication of his Works.

FLECTIONS

ON THE

LIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM,

ADDRESSED TO

E DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1745.

CTIONS ON THE PUBLIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM.

INSCRIBED TO

E DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

LES! immortal in far more than fame!
thou illuſtrious in far more than power.
ngs are ſmall when greater riſe to view.
ſtation'd high, and preſs'd with public cares,
ıot to peruſe my ſerious ſong,
eradventure may puſh by the world:
moments rob Britannia's weal,
e Europa's counſels leſs mature!
art noble, and the theme is great.
all or Europe or Britannia blame
ſent ear, but gain by the delay.
s'd in ſenates and in cabinets,
ıtricate demands and high debates!
of uſe to thoſe, ſo this to thee;
. point that empire far outweighs,
outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
neſs prove its title to be great.
'er's ſupreme prerogative to ſtamp
s' minds an image of its own.
ſtrong influence of high place, to ſtem
ım that ſweeps away the country's weal;
gian ſtream, the torrent of our guilt.

For

... our ſtreets with blaſph
Nor lewdneſs whiſper where t
Let not beſt laws, the wiſdom
Turn ſatires on their ſunk deg
The baſtards of their blood! a
But, with more emphaſis to ca
Let not our rank enormities un
Britannia's welfare from divine
Such deeds the miniſter, the
No power is ſhown but in ſuch
All, all is impotence but acting
And where's the ſtateſman but v
To prince and people thou, of e
Be it henceforward but thy ſeco
To grace thy country, and ſupp
Though this ſupported, that ado
A throne ſuperior our firſt homa
To Cæſar's Cæſar our firſt tribut
A tribute which, unpaid, ma...

ıan traitors lurking in our appetites;
ſs all the legions Seine and Tagus ſend,
ıan unrein'd paſſions ruſhing on our peace:
ın' ſavage mountaneers are tame to theſe.
ainſt thoſe rioters ſend forth the laws,
ıd break to reaſon's yoke their wild careers.
Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
ough ſome ſeem more importunate and great.
ough Britain's generous views and intereſts ſpread
ond the narrow circle of her ſhores,
d their grand entries make on diſtant lands;
ough Britain's genius the wide wave beſtrides,
d, like a vaſt Coloſſus, towering ſtands
th one foot planted on the continent;
be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
ough ſuch high cares ſhould call as call'd of late;
e cauſe of kings and emperors adjourn,
d Europe's little balance drop a while;
greater drop it: ponder and adjuſt
e rival intereſts and contending claims
life and death, of now and of for-ever;
limeſt theme; and needful as ſublime.
us great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
us Walſingham and Raleigh (Britain's boaſts!),
us every ſtateſman thought that ever—*dy'd.*
ere's inſpiration in a ſable hour,
d death's approach makes politicians wiſe.
When, thunderſtruck, that eagle Wolſey fell;
ıen royal favour, as an ebbing ſea,
e a leviathan, his grandeur left,

His

On the grand artic
The point of the fi
Tubes mounted in
Some painted cloud
Firſt right to judge;
Stedfaſt, as if a crov
Theſe, theſe are polit
When finer politics th
And ſtateſmen fain wo
Theſe, theſe are politi
(When common men w
Beyond a Machiavel's c
All ſafety reſts on honeſ
Immortalize the ſtateſma
Make the prince triumph
In peace rever'd, or terri
Cloſe-leagued with an inv
Which honeſt counſels nev
In favour of an

ritain!—that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
arms the blood, though frozen in our veins;
akes the ſoul, and ſends her to the field,
mour'd of the glorious face of death.
ain!—there 's noble magic in the ſound.
hat illuſtrious images ariſe!
battled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
ſea, by land, at home, in foreign climes,
at full-blown laurels on our fathers brows!
radiant trophies! and imperial ſpoils!
ſcenes!—aſtoniſhing to modern ſight!
me, at leaſt, enjoy you in a dream.
y vaniſh? Stay, ye godlike ſtrangers! ſtay.
ngers!—I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
h beats the pulſe: the noble pulſe of war
ts to that ancient meaſure, that grand march,
ich then prevail'd, when Britain higheſt ſoar'd,
d every battle paid for heroes ſlain.
more our great fore-fathers ſtain our cheeks
th bluſhes; their renown our ſhame no more.
military garb, and ſudden arms,
ſtarts Old Britain; croſiers are laid by;
ade wields the ſword, and agriculture leaves
r half-turn'd furrow: other harveſts fire
nobler avarice, avarice of renown!
id laurels are the growth of every field.
diſtant courts is our commotion felt;
id leſs like gods ſit monarchs on their thrones.
hat arm can want or ſinews or ſucceſs,
hich, lifted from an honeſt heart, deſcends,

With

Fools think heaven purchas
By giving, not ſupporting,
Nor ſimple death! where th
Who moſt ſubdue all tender
Students in torture! where,
Whoſe darling title is The I
The beſt turn ruthleſs butche
To ſave us in a world they re
And yet forbear, themſelves
What modeſty!—ſuch virtue
And chiefly thoſe who Rome'
Whoſe name from Jeſus, and w
And ſhall a Pope-bred princel
Replete with venom, guiltleſs
And whiſtle cut-throats, with t
Their barren rocks for wretche
To cut his paſſage to the Britil
One that has ſuck'd-in malice
Malice to Britain

Nature's anointed empreſs of the deep!
The nurſe of merchants, who can purchaſe crowns!
Supreme in commerce! that exuberant ſource
Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
The circling current in a nation's veins,
To ſet high bloom on the fair face of peace!
This once ſo celebrated ſeat of power,
From which eſcap'd the mighty Cæſar triumph'd!
Of Gallic lilies this eternal blaſt!
This terror of armadas! this true bolt
Ethereal-temper'd, to repreſs the vain
Salmonean thunders from the papal chair!
This ſmall iſle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with awe!
Which ſays to their ambition's foaming waves,
"Thus far, nor farther!"—Let her hold, in life,
Nought dear diſjoin'd from freedom and renown;
Renown, our anceſtors' great legacy,
To be tranſmitted to their lateſt ſons.
By thoughts inglorious, and un-Britiſh deeds,
Their cancel'd will is impiouſly profan'd,
Inhumanly diſturb'd their ſacred duſt.
Their ſacred duſt with recent laurels crown,
By your own valour won. This ſacred iſle,
Cut from the continent, that world of ſlaves;
This temple built by heaven's peculiar care,
In a receſs from the contagious world,
With ocean pour'd around it for its guard.
And dedicated, long, to liberty,
That health, that ſtrength, that bloom, of civil life!
This temple of ſtill more divine; of faith

Why longer lend an edge to B
And give him leave, among hi
To muſter that ſtrong ſuccour,
Send his ſelf-impotent ambitio
And crown the conqueſt of he
Where are her foes moſt fatal ?
" In her friends' vices,"—witl
Empire on virtue's rock unſhal
Flux as the billows, when in
If heaven reclaims us by the ſ
What thanks are due to Paris
Would they a revolution ?—A
But be the revolution—in our
Would'ſt thou (whoſe hand i
The ſhaken bark of Britain, ſ
The preſent blaſt, and every f
Give it that balaſt which alone
With Him whom wind, and w

Aſk you, "What mean I?"—The moſt obvious truth;
Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once diſarm'd, diſarm'd
Of aid from Him by whom the mighty fall;
Of aid from him by whom the feeble ſtand;
Who takes away the keeneſt edge of battle,
Or gives the ſword commiſſion to deſtroy;
Who blaſts, or bids the martial laurel bloom—
Emaſculated, then, moſt manly might;
Or, though the might remains, it nought avails:
Then wither'd weakneſs foils the ſinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted power:
Our naval thunders, and our tented fields
With travel'd banners fanning ſouthern climes,
What do they? This; and more what can they do?
When heap'd the meaſure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince moſt dauntleſs, the firſt plume of war,
By ſuch bold inroads into foreign lands,
Such elongation of our armaments,
But ſtretches out the guilty nation's neck,
While heaven commands her executioner,
Some leſs abandon'd nation, to diſcharge
Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow,
And tell the world, "Not ſtrong is human ſtrength;
"And that the proudeſt empire holds of heaven."
O Britain! often reſcued, often crown'd,
Beyond thy merit and moſt ſanguine hopes,
With all that's great in war, or ſweet in peace!
Know from what ſource thy ſignal bleſſings flow,
Though bleſs'd with ſpirits ardent in the field,

To guard her welfare, and yet checl
Have the winds ſnatch'd the victory
Or, rather, won the day, when war
How oft has providential ſuccour aw
Aw'd while it bleſs'd us, conſcious
Struck dead all confidence in human
And, while we triumph'd, made us t

Well may we tremble now; what
But wherefore aſk we, when a true r
Would ſhock too much? Kind heav
Whoſe fatal nature might reply too p
Heaven's half-bar'd arm of vengeanc
In northern ſkies, and pointed to the
Vengeance delay'd but gathers and fe
More formidably blackens in the wir
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting
And higher charges the ſuſpended ſto

"That public vice portends a pub
Is this conjecture of adventurous thou

Nay, what ſays Common Senſe, with common care
Weighing events, and cauſes, in her ſcale?
All give one verdict, one deciſion ſign;
And this the ſentence Delphos could not mend:
"Whatever ſecondary props may riſe
"From politics, to build the public peace,
"The baſis is the manners of the land.
"When rotten theſe, the politician's wiles
"But ſtruggle with deſtruction, as a child
"With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
"The ſtateſman's arts to conjure up a peace,
"Or military phantoms void of force,
"But ſcare away the vultures for an hour;
"The ſcent cadaverous (for, oh! how rank
"The ſtench of profligates!) ſoon lures them back;
"On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
"Soon they return; ſoon make their full deſcent;
"Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
"Their idols grac'd and gorgeous with our ſpoils,
"Of univerſal empire ſure preſage!
"Till now repell'd by ſeas of Britiſh blood."
And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colours of their manners, black or fair,
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of ſtate Othellos, or white men in power:
And from the greater height example falls,
Greater the weight, and deeper its impreſs
In ranks inferior, paſſive to the ſtroke:
From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
The pupil preſſes, but the pattern drives.

In emulation of their glorious
From whom rolls down the co
Some ſow good ſeeds in the
Some curſed tares, like Satan
This makes a foe moſt fatal to
A foe who (like a wizard in hi
In his dark cabinet of crooked
Reſembling Cuma's gloomy gr
Of boaſted oracles, and real lie
(Aided, perhaps, by ſecond-fi
French Magi, relics riding poſt
A Gothic hero * riſing from th
And changing for ſpruce plaid
With ſuccour ſuitable from low
A foe who, theſe concurring to
Excites thoſe ſtorms that ſhall o
Rend up her ancient honours by
And lay the boaſt of ages, the r

igh every generous breaſt where honour reigns,
gh every breaſt where honour claims a ſhare!
and through every breaſt of honour void!
hought might animate the dregs of men;
nt them into ſpirit; give them fire
ht the cauſe, the black opprobrious cauſe,
ore of all! corruption at our hearts.
wreck of empire has the ſtream of time
, with her vices, from the mountain height
ndeur, deify'd by half mankind,
rk oblivion's melancholy lake,
grant infamy's eternal brand!
names, at which ſurrounding nations ſhook,
names ador'd, a nuiſance! or forgot!
iis the caprice of a doubtful dye,
ature's courſe; no ſingle chance againſt it.
know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant,
ixt, as is the baſis of the world,
e kingdoms ſtand or fall by the decree.
ſaw theſe eyes, ſurpriz'd?—Yet why ſurpriz'd?—
d divine the criſis ſeem'd to call,
ow divine was the monition given!
te I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
ace diſturb'd by rumours from the North,
thunder o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
ving ſignal of ſome ſtrange event,
ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
n the fair! ſo long his empire's queen,
e reign is, now, conteſted by her foes,
r white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,

ye States! and
" Though leaft in fiz
" Whofe final lot, is
" Irrefolutely play th
" Nor know'ft thou
" from me,
" As govern'd well or
" State-minifters, as u
" Are balm or poifon ir
" Health or diftemper;
" The period of her prid
" And though, for reaſo
" Juft Providence deals o
" Yet believe, Britons! n
" 'Tis fix'd! by Fate irre
" Virtue and Vice are empi
Thus it is written —Hea
Is Britain on her death bed?
Was utter'd by her

In records that defy the tooth of time,
By nations ſav'd, reſounding your applauſe.
While deep beyond your monument's proud baſe,
In black Oblivion's kennel, ſhall be trod
Their execrable names, who, high in power,
And deep in guilt, moſt ominouſly ſhine,
(The meteors of the ſtate!) give Vice her head,
To licenſe lewd let looſe the public rein;
Quench every ſpark of conſcience in the land,
And triumph in the profligate's applauſe:
Or who to the firſt bidder ſell their ſouls,
Their country ſell, ſell all their fathers bought
With funds exhauſted and exhauſted veins,
To demons, by his Holineſs ordain'd
To propagate the goſpel—penn'd at Rome;
Hawk'd through the world by conſecrated bulls;
And how illuſtrated?—by Smithfield flames:
Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
Down narrow-minded ſelf's voracious gulf,
Which gapes, and ſwallows all they ſwore to ſave:
Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
Of bodies politic that deſtin'd hell,
Inflicted here, ſince here their beings end;
And fall from foes deteſted and deſpis'd,
On diſbelievers—of the Sateſman's Creed.
Note, here, my Lord (unnoted yet it lies
By moſt, or all) theſe truths political
Serve more than public ends: this Creed of States
Seconds, and irreſiſtibly ſupports,

vengeance f
Pour'd on them h
What is it but an
Or rather demonstr
Our feeble faith—
" That men who ft
" Shall meet like me
For God is equal, fi
With ftates and perfo
What means a rectitu
A pattern ſure of univ
What, then, ſhall refc
Nothing, it is reply'd.
Reply'd by politicians w
Writ ſacred ſet aſide, ma
The whole world's annals
Thus (what might ſeem
Ev'n politics advance divi
True maſters there

May be ſurpriz'd with better than they ſought,
And entertain an angel unawares.
Nor is Divinity ungrateful found.
As politics advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the ſtateſman's praiſe.
All wiſdoms are but branches of the chief,
And ſtateſmen ſound but ſhoots of honeſt men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuſe
For deviations in our moral line?
This, and the next world, view'd with ſuch an eye
As ſuits a ſtateſman, ſuch as keeps in view
His own exalted ſcience, both conſpire
To recommend and fix us in the right.
If we reward the politics of heaven,
The grand adminiſtration of the whole,
What 's the next world? A ſupplement of this:
Without it, Juſtice is defective here;
Juſt as to ſtates, defective as to men:
If ſo, what is this world? as ſure as Right
Sits in heaven's throne, a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet? then believe him too:
His prophecy more precious than his ſmile.
How comes it then to paſs, with moſt on earth,
That this ſhould charm us, that ſhould diſcompoſe?
Long as the ſtateſman finds this caſe his own,
So long his politics are uncomplete;
In danger he; nor is the nation ſafe,
But ſoon muſt rue his inauſpicious power.
What hence reſults? a truth that ſhould reſound
For ever awful in Britannia's ear:

"Reli-

...ighland pole
But how dare I, f
Assume my seat in th
Pronounce, predict (
Promulge my censure
Till hoarse in clamour
Two mighty columns
In their more awful an
Record profane and fac
Though loud, and far o
Still farther, Holles! su
That I speak freely, as I
Guilt only startles at the
And truth, plain truth, i
Thus what seem'd my pre
Praise, and immortal pra
And Virtue's sphere is acti
Some merit to the trumpet'
Whose clangor kindl

Though no war wak'd us, no black tempeſt frown'd.—
The morning riſes gay; yet gayeſt morn
Leſs glorious after night's incumbent ſhades;
Leſs glorious far bright Nature, rich array'd
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
Than the firſt feeble dawn of Moral day?
Sole day, (let thoſe whom ſtateſmen ſerve attend)
Though the ſun ripens diamonds for their crowns;
Sole day worth his regard whom heaven ordains,
Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
From the ſun's death, and every planet's fall,
His all-illuſtrious and eternal year;
Where ſtateſmen and their monarchs, (names of awe
And diſtance here) ſhall rank with common men,
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

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